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LIKING PEOPLE — *For a Fast Buck*

BY
TAYLOR CALDWELL

THERE is so much emphasis laid on the moral necessity of "liking people," and so many warnings that not to like people betrays a maladjusted and reprehensible personality, and so much clamor emanating from those who profess this affection for their fellows, that one is forced to the conclusion that we are protesting too much, and that an enthusiastic regard for others happens to be one of our major deficiencies, and one which we ardently desire to overcome.

However, it was not until it was cunningly suggested that "liking people," and so being liked in return, was the shortest line to lucrative rewards and good sound material successes, that any widespread interest was awakened.

For centuries, religions have urged man to love his neighbor, and philosophers have declared that such love was the answer to all wars and human suffering and despair, and moralists have denounced hatred and treachery and have pleaded for compassionate understanding, and gentleness. All these exhortations, alas, fell on obdurately stony soil.

"What doth it profit a man to love his neighbor, and to forbear with him, if it filleth not his coffers?" answered mankind, with sound cynicism.

When it was proved to him that loving his neighbor, and bearing with him even to the point of laughing at his stale and fuming jests, and tolerating his vagaries and his strangenesses, and gazing benignly on his religions, and admiring his children, and all his insignificant works, resulted in personal gain and growing bank balances, then man, almost overnight, developed such a passion for his brother that he swarmed into book shops to buy every published volume on the subject. In fact, "liking people" threatens to become the determined ruling motivation of man's daily conduct.

Our universities have courses in social relationships. Commercial colleges teach kind behavior to others along with bookkeeping and typing and secretarial administration. We

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are everywhere taught that to love our fellow man is good for the digestive system, and is guaranteed to chase nightmares and to abolish "complexes." In short, we have made love strictly utilitarian, and have suggested that it pays exceptional dividends. "Liking people" is now produced on the assembly line, and is neatly packaged, with instructions for use, in mass production.

It has become a commodity, like laxatives, and is sold over the counter in prophylactic doses. It is the modern vitamin warranted to cure man's lack of humanity, and so to enhance his chances for monetary gain.

THERE is a kind of grimness about this, which might be humorous if it did not ominously suggest that "liking people" was naturally alien to the human temperament, and that man will like his fellows only when that liking leads to profit.

There is a horrible, and significant, hypocrisy in this, which seems to have escaped the philosophers and psychiatrists.

Man is determined to like his fellows, in these days, even if it kills him, and sets a secret lust for wholesale homicide festering in his heart. Smoother hypocrites will protest that "liking people" is moral, and good and civilized, but at the root of their protest lies an abscess of natural hatred, and hope for largesse.

It would be far healthier, and more decent, if man openly acknowledged his congenital loathing for his brother, and his hostility and suspicious antagonism, and in the name of a better world set out to sublimate these normal vices. If he said to his neighbor: "I was born, hating you, and you were born, hating me, but now for the sake of decency and peace we must try for mercy and forbearance," he could then proceed with open and honest eyes to set his private world in harmony.

But no, this is too abstract, and never enlarged the figures in a bank book, for during this adjustment there must be inevitable stresses and strains and brief violences leading to revived if temporary hatreds, all of which is disastrous to the financial motif, if eventually producing a world in which it is safe to live. But that is a mere bagatelle.

So we now have the spectacle of endless multitudes secretly hating other men, but smiling affectionately and persistently upon them with an eye to prospective and lucrative opportunities. We have the spectacle of venal men poring religiously over books and articles on "liking people" and then going forth, hopefully, to practice the golden lesson upon their neighbors.

In consequence, most of us like those who can assist us, who offer a shoulder for our climbing feet, who can proffer an excellent table and "important" company who might advance our ambitions. And, natu-

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rally, this all leads to the ignoring and disliking, and even hating, of those who have nothing to give us. The concluding argument of the purveyors of affection (though they never mention it, of course!) is that the man who cannot help us is not worthy of our liking.

YOUNG children, who are natural, fight, hate, abuse, torment and rob their companions. Appeals of mothers to be "nice," and suggestions that good little boys and girls certainly do not attempt to deprive playmates of eyesight and sound limbs, are ignored sublimely. But let a mother suggest to Johnny that little Tom will not invite him to his birthday party if he does not "like" the latter, and is not good to him, and Johnny's behavior becomes hypocritically benign, and conciliatory.

The sad part of all this is that Johnny's more humane actions do not increase his liking for Tom a jot, but, rather, he sees in Tom a source of natural frustration, and vows in himself that once the party is over he will avenge himself for this constriction of his normal impulses. He usually does, too.

Soft-headed and soft-hearted idealists, out of their meager little fears, will vehemently deny this. But they cannot deny it in their hearts. They know the dreadful hatreds that swarm within them, the primordial murders and hostilities, the atavistic lusts. It is to their credit, however, that they understand that these things must be repressed, if we are to survive as a species in this world. However, denying the existence of man's natural nature does not cure its ferocity.

Every student of history is unwillingly impressed by the fact that when a stronger nation desires to devour a weaker it does so with an unnecessary fury and cruelty and madness, and that long after the weaker nation is subdued the stronger continues to inflict delirious brutalities upon the conquered. This is a kind of catharsis, a lifting of a former, self-imposed repression, a letting-loose of instinct.

The teachers of "liking people" say, in so many obscure words, that a fondness for your fellows enables you to exploit them without undue strain on yourself, and with a minimum of uncertainty, and with the possibility of future vengeance comfortably eliminated. Of course, all this is much more pleasant than going out with ax or rifle or atomic bombs or poison gas to get what you want. But the underlying motive is exactly the same. Worst of all, a fixed grin on the face results in a murderous contortion of the inner heart. A man can prepare himself against a wolf, honestly showing his fangs and his bloody maw, but what defense has he against a wolf that professes to "like" him to distraction, and to love the very ground he walks upon?

Let us be honest men and confess that we do not like each other, that

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we hate universally, and love only a few, and that even those few we love we do not like.

LET US say to our neighbor: "I covet your possessions, and would have them, if I could. I dislike the shape of your nose, the color of your eyes, the sound of your voice, not because they are particularly offensive to me, but because it is my nature to hate, and I was born with this in me, and as I am a rational animal, I must have a reason for my hatred.

"Nevertheless, I understand that if I were to kill you the law would hang me. If I stole your riches, I would spend years on the improper side of iron bars. I understand, too, that if you are to be restrained for the safety of my wife and my children, and for the survival of myself, I must also be restrained for the sake of your wife and your children, and yourself. So, we must invent laws which mutually inhibit our natural tendencies, and which will make the world reasonably safe for our existence.

"I know I must extend this stern and necessary respect not only to you, but to other peoples and other nations, also, lest we all perish in the universal carnage. When we have thoroughly absorbed this inexorable law, then peace shall prevail among all men, though we cannot, in the nature of things, ever love widely, or even like each other."

This is honesty, stark and without falseness. It makes for health, and, in the end, will make for universal gain, a gain which will not be smeared with hypocrisy, and debased by lying smiles.

In some far era of man's slow evolution, it might even make for natural kindness. Man's natural hatred might possibly become as anachronistic as his appendix, as briefly enduring as his gills in his fetal stage, as atrophied as his coccix, which was formerly his tail.

In the meantime, until this salutary evolution of nature is accomplished, we can have and enforce the laws which frown upon murder and exploitation and cruelty. We can use a club of coercion upon ourselves and others who violate those regulations which precariously enable us to live with each other.

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THE REPUBLICANS HAVE *Goofed!*

BY OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

DON'T READ this article if you're a Republican whose feelings are easily hurt. Speaking as one who has been an observer of the Washington scene for some years, it is my opinion that we Republicans are in for a bad time. Furthermore, it's our own damned fault.

In 1952, some 33 million Americans were disgusted with the conduct of our government under the corrupt and disgraceful administration of "Whistle-Stop" Harry. In almost every facet of our national life there was evidence of graft, bribery and malfeasance in office. The people reverted to our age-old slogan of "Throw the rascals out!" We threw them out! The scene was set for the restoration of honest government based on principles and not expediency.

A thorough housecleaning was in order and the people gave the GOP a mandate to use a scrubbing brush and yellow soap. But let's face it — we goofed! People, with inside knowledge of what has occurred since the Republican Administration took over in January 1953, know that the Democrats *never had it so good.* With few exceptions (and I mean very few) the same people are running the executive departments and agencies who ran them under Roosevelt and Truman. The feeble attempts of the Republicans to clean house have been a source of great amusement to the professional bureaucrats who believe the same "stable" runs both parties.

In November 1952, the Democrat holdovers in Washington were really frightened. Their houses were up for sale; they were casting about for new jobs; they expected to leave. Within three months, however, they knew that the amateur crew of fuzzy-minded crusaders poised no threat to them.

Businessmen to whom the Republican party looks for support have been treated like Communist conspirators by Washington while

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nearly every organization designed to advance the Democratic cause has been declared to be a non-profit, tax-exempt foundation.

To show the complete indifference of the Republican Party to political reality instead of replacing the Commissioner of Internal Revenue with a qualified conservative from one of the great pivotal states like Illinois or Pennsylvania, they replace him with a Rhode Island man from a state with two Democratic Senators, a Democratic Governor and only four electoral votes. Honest, hardworking but politically incompetent Republican appointees have been assigned to the good posts in government. After about 60 days, they are lost in the bureaucratic maze. Almost without exception they have come under the spellbinding charm of the Democratic holdovers and the influence of the New Deal columnists of the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times*.

DILETTANTES by the dozens, people who are expert in golf and yachting, have been brought to Washington by the Republican big shots because their friends desire that their sons "get some experience in Government." They are pathetic! The early fear of the New Dealers and of the Democratic holdovers changed to incredulity when they witnessed the arrival of these neophytes; then into sardonic laughter. Now it is utter contempt.

After 20 years in office, the professional Democratic bureaucrats know the rules and regulations; they know the procedures; they have friends spotted in all agencies. Furthermore they are intelligent. They carry on their mission just as though Adlai were in the White House. If a colleague is by accident threatened in one agency, in a matter of days through the "invisible government," he is speedily transferred to a safer haven, sometimes with a promotion.

The Republican National Committee in the early days launched on a program to replace Democrats with Republicans in policy positions. The White House assigned a likeable lad named Charlie Willis, husband of one of the Firestone girls, to be Assistant to Sherman Adams to bring about the displacement of these Democrats. When Drew Pearson printed the whole story of Willis' activities, together with the copy of the forms which he was using and quotes from the meetings he was holding, the New Dealers held their sides with laughter. Charlie finally became such a liability that he packed his bags and took off for the hills.

The Republican National Committee didn't do much better. Endorsement by a Republican Senator or the Republican National Committee for a government job in Washington today is practically the "kiss of death." Len Hall tries, but the odds are too heavy. The professional personnel people, most of

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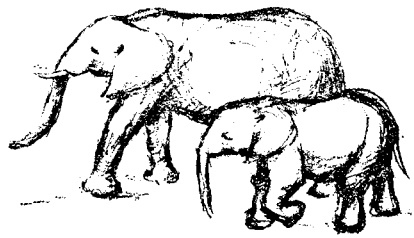
whom are holdovers, always point out that the endorsed candidate falls far short of the civil service requirements, whereas Mr. "X", a New Dealer, has had 20 years' experience on the job.

Naturally, they fail to mention that only New Dealers could acquire 20 years' experience in top jobs in Washington. With the exception of some policy positions made by Presidential appointment or the Secretary of the Cabinet agency involved, you would have a difficult time naming 50 conservative Republicans who have been hired in Washington at a salary of $10,000 or more since the Republicans took office.



As a New Deal acquaintance of mine said: "When the Democrats take over in 1956, there is one problem which we won't have to bother with, namely, the elimination of Republicans from policy positions in the executive departments. There are so few that I think we can fire them all in a week."

As a result of the stupidity of Administration leaders and the total inability of the Republican National Committee to cope with the situation, every move of the Eisenhower Administration has been leaked to hostile segments of the press and Congress. Top-secret deliberations of the National Security Council have been printed verbatim in the Washington *Post*. High officials of various agencies have been unable to leave confidential meetings in their own offices and get to the Hill before the complete results of the meeting have been sent ahead and their Democratic opponents have been primed with the proper questions.

So much for the personnel situation in the nation's capital. Any Republican who voted for a change and thinks he got it has been hoodwinked.

In 1954, the Republican Senators and Congressmen went back to the grass roots firm in the conviction that the magnetic personality of Eisenhower would return them to office. For the most part they are now a sad and disillusioned group of ex-legislators. The only candidate swept in by the Eisenhower appeal was that staunch conservative and former executive of the Fund for the Republic, Clifford Case of New Jersey. His overwhelming victory of 3,000 votes out of 1,700,000 demonstrated the trend of the times.

Even before the President's illness, every Republican incumbent in Congress realized that in the 1956 election, he was running

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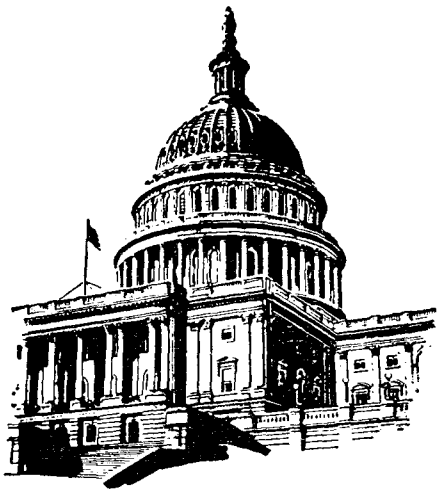
"naked." The myth of the value of Eisenhower support was laid to rest in 1954 and the Democrats know it, even if the Republicans don't. As a result, each Senator and Congressman is jittery and is thinking only of his own re-election. The concept of a "team" has disappeared.



FROM now until November 1956 is going to be brutal. While the gentlemanly, courteous and polite Republicans both in Congress and in the Executive branch talk about "peace in our times," the "Spirit of Geneva" and "Prosperity," the Democrats are going to be beating them over the heads with demagogic slogans which have popular appeal. Anyone who can read knows what is coming. The abortive Dixon-Yates contract to which the Administration foolishly committed its legislators and from which it is now cowardly retreating is going to provide some ammunition. We will hear the same old tune as played by Roosevelt and Truman that the Republican Party is for big business, for vested interests, for give-away programs and is against the "little man."

When the Harris Gas Bill comes up in the Senate, the fireworks will really commence. The staunch opponents of filibustering, Messrs. Morse, Douglas, Humphrey, Lehman, Langer, et al., will *discuss* this legislation for 30 days or more. The people will be told that if it passes, it will cost five cents more to fry an egg and $20 more to heat a house. The truth, of course, is that only 10 percent of the consumer gas dollar goes to the producer.

In the end, crippling amendments will be tacked on that will kill the

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legislation. The scalp of this Fair Gas Bill will then be hung by the side of Dixon-Yates. If so, the Federal government will continue to fix prices for gas; to use its power over profit. Government will have monopoly over the fuel and energy which the *people* of this nation increasingly need. It is the stepping stone to controls of other commodities.

THE Republicans in their plodding way will try to counter the arguments with truthful but undramatic statistics which will never catch up with the accusations. The organized pressure groups of the REA, the Democratic-controlled cities and the internationally sponsored consumers' groups will bombard the people and the legislators. This needed and essential piece of legislation will be labeled as a Republican conspiracy to defraud the people.

After fixing the label of "reactionaries" and "give-aways" on the Republican Party, the Democrats will then move into high gear. They'll eliminate Ike as a candidate on account of his health. Their bleeding-heart columnists, Pearson, the Alsops, Childs and Fleeson, will make it appear as though they have only his welfare at heart. Then they'll chop away at the other available Republican candidates, playing one against the other until the already split Republican party is shattered: Knowland versus Nixon; Knight versus Knowland and Nixon; Stassen versus Dewey until a suitable candidate is found who is sure to be defeated.

And what will the Republicans be doing all of this time? *Spinning their wheels.* In 1952, through the length and breadth of this land, there was a vigorous precinct Republican organization with men and women working in their spare time to bring about the change which they felt was necessary to restore decent Government to this country. Where is it today? It does not exist, for the simple reason that those who did the most to insure the Republican victory have received the least appreciation for their work and absolutely no reward for their effort.

Those who think that Ike (if he runs in 1956) would be a shoo-in didn't read the figures. It is true he got 33 million votes, but it is also true that Adlai Stevenson got 27 million. The Democratic candidate in 1952, at a time when that party represented to most Americans a corrupt and decadent administration, got 27 million voters to the polls — more than was necessary to elect any President in the history of the United States prior to 1954. You can be sure that they'll do it again in 1956 — if they have to carry them there in trucks furnished by the agencies of the Republican administration or the CIO.

If you think this picture is dismal, you are 100 percent right. The question which should concern any

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conservative today is what can be done about it. Is the situation so hopeless that it is impossible to rectify? Not necessarily. Here is a program. It won't be followed, but at least it is a program and it could work:

1. Find out as soon as possible from Eisenhower whether he is going to run again in 1956. Let's not pussyfoot around until the middle of the summer of 1956 before anybody knows. (From what we know, he shouldn't — and won't — run.)

2. If he is going to run, let all Republicans organize their support for him like they did in 1952, even if we have to put Jinx Falkenberg and Brother Milton on television.

3. If he's not going to run, let us have a party caucus and pick a candidate and, whether we like him or not, let us decide we would rather have him than Stevenson, Harriman or Kefauver.

4. Once we pick our candidate, let us spend money like the labor unions and the Fund for the Republic and the other foundations do in promoting their schemes.

5. Though it is sort of late, *let us fire some of the top bureaucrats in Washington who are cutting our throats at every turn.* Almost everybody knows who they are. Throw them out before the campaign gets underway.

6. Let us caucus in the House and Senate and decide who is for us and who is against us. Every time one of the big-mouth "Liberals" like Morse, Humphrey, Kefauver and Lehman opens his trap, let us have some conservative ready to step on his words.

7. Let's use the Government to make sure there is no farm depression in 1956 which will lose the Midwest.

WE CAN either be polite and gentlemanly, and get the hell beat out of us in 1956, or we can fight dirty and rough and maybe win. If we don't win this time, it won't be long *before we face serious troubles.* In any event, let's really "clean house" and get back to an honest two-party system, controlled by patriotic people of goodwill.

And if you think these comments are extreme, I dare you to clip this article and save it until November 5, 1956.

WE SUGGEST AS AN IDEAL TEAM FOR THE 1956 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN:

CHARLES LINDBERGH *and*

J. EDGAR HOOVER *in either order.*

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TOO MUCH *Month* . . . NOT ENOUGH *Money*

BY GLADYS PRIEUR THOMAS

AMERICANS today owe $25 billion on cars and other installment purchases, almost $118 billion on home mortgages and over $5 billion on personal loans. This is an all-time high. But it's O.K. Economists say we'll pay. We have jobs, a high personal income. There is a boom on.

However, you don't see this personal income boom as you go about your daily work in the average office or shop — except for a few days after pay day. In fact, the financial panic of 1893 seems to be still going on. As a keen observer of the nation's breadwinners recently put it, "Everybody has too much month at the end of the money."

In our office, we made a study of this. Wage earners, we discovered, are divided into five types, all struggling through the boom, all on the mooch before pay day for a couple of dollars to stretch over a long gap. If, in your shop, there are people not included among these types I can only suggest that they are not human. Another possibility is that they are spies placed among you by a nervous finance company.

The first type is the Office Fund Early Worm. These are nervous people with a weasel-like worried expression. They flourish in offices where there is an emergency fund established by the employees. The rules of the game are to tap this fund only when you are down to ten cents and a paper clip at the zero hour. But the apprehensive Worms, knowing that late in the pay period the fund may go broke, borrow ahead of time, just in case. Later, when starvation threatens other employees, of course there is little left in the fund. The Worms get it all.

In the past, people with such calculating natures saved ahead for purchases, budgeting for old age and emergencies, keeping records in little ledgers. They had to change to create the boom of 1955 which is built on pay-later plans: automatic monthly payments for already-

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bought houses, cars, furniture, clothes, even trips. With these and automatic payroll deductions for taxes, savings, insurance, hospitalization and what-not, the careful ones have learned to live without much budgeting. They do what comes naturally with the little bit they get to handle now. But somehow they lack the real improvident spirit of the free spender. Many, I must admit, are women.

THE second type is The Small Check Finagler. These can be spotted by trained Finagler watchers almost any morning, in small neighborhood groceries, usually. First making an eccentric small purchase, say a jar of jam, the Finagler offers a check (two to five dollars) with a confiding expression.

"I wonder if you could just kind of hold this check in your cash register for a few days. I don't get paid until Friday and I'm a little short, you understand."

Sure. The merchant understands. So will the bank if he forgets and deposits the check anyway. It will charge two dollars for writing a check against insufficient funds.

Type Three is Cupboard Love Cadger. These specimens spend and spend after pay day, right along with you. Then, when you are shamefully broke, somehow they are not. Where do they get it? From their poor old mothers or other doting kin of course. You can detect the presence of this type by listening.

You will hear, just before pay day, a sweet phone call, tender concern for the state of a loved one's health, eager acceptance of a dinner invitation. No, he is not busy tonight. His wife and kiddies aren't busy, either. (Of course not! So near pay day, where would they get movie money or any dinner except meat loaf?) Students of Type Three tell me that they have seen and heard heart-rending scenes when these cads press re-payment of loans upon old ladies. With self-satisfied smirks they hear themselves called brave and honest.

These characters may be great comforts to their mothers, but they aren't the only brave ones. Take me, for example. I began this last pay period by paying back the office fund. Five dollars. This left me $40 to go four weeks!

Well, I couldn't be anti-social. Right after pay day my friends lunched rather well in expensive places. So, I did too. Then we had one of those office collections that you never plan on. How can you know somebody is going into the army or get married? The collection came soon after pay day. Everyone else was generous. So, I was too. I have a weakness for art books. I couldn't resist one I saw at a bargain for five dollars. I economized to pay for it, did my own hair and nails, yet $16 got away from me the first week after pay day, and $13 the second. Halfway through the pay period, two-thirds of the seven percent of

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my income reserved for personal and miscellaneous expenses was gone. I cut every corner I could last week. The week cost me just eight dollars. Now I have three dollars left and a week to go to pay day. Isn't that bravery?

Revolving Buck Expert is Type Four. This is the real army of the republic. These are the easy spenders and effortless borrowers, who loan and borrow back the same sum until nobody knows who it belonged to in the first place. The game, with them, goes on at all times. A real Type Four operator is concerned not only with personal left-over days when the money runs out, but with the stretching problems of all other members of this great and honorable group.

To this type the abundant life means at least three friends whose pay days fall on different dates from their own. They always can find them because the tribe is numerous and cuts across class lines like a knife through cheese. The revolving buck boys manage to suck into their pool anyone in sight and make him love it, a boy with a paper route, for instance, the shoe-shine man, a gardener, the boss, a hairdresser.

THE FIFTH and last type — The Pop Bottle Scroungers. All month these conscientious family men ignore bottles that could be turned in at the grocery store. Cokes are urged on the children. Refreshments from deposit bottles are recklessly served even the most casual guests. Besides this, Type Five usually keeps all his pennies and gives them to Junior for his Piggy Bank at the end of every day. Then just before pay day, this character is all set. With the enthusiasm of a child on an Easter-egg hunt he searches the nooks and crannies of his home, each empty bottle brings forth cries of surprised delight. Soon, he has sixty-five cents' worth stacked in a carton.

Valiantly drinking up all the pop in the house, his wife and children count the bottles. In this clever way, empties worth eighty-five cents are soon ready to be returned to the store. Surprise! Junior has a dollar and three cents to loan! Who would have thought a few pennies each night would have amounted to so much? The Bottle Scrounger makes it again! Lunch money and carfare for tomorrow! What a man! He plays the game of the revolving buck with himself. And Junior, of course, is receiving invaluable training that will prepare him to take his place in business.

Which type am I? Well, as I said, I have three dollars today. It just isn't enough to see me through to pay day. I might as well get five dollars right now from the office loan fund. In the rush to borrow later this week that darn fund might run short. Sure, I'm a Worm. Lunch anyone?

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Doings of a Democracy

BY HAROLD HELFER

✓ The Los Angeles police commission canceled its order for "2,000 pounds of beer" for city jail inmates. It developed it should have been "beef."

✓ No sooner was the announcement made in Washington that a space satellite was going to be launched, than David Steward, Huntington Park, California, novelty shop proprietor wired President Eisenhower: "I would like to have the exclusive rights to open a fun shop on the new satellite. I know visiting men from Mars and Venus would appreciate a good gag gift to take home to their wives and sweethearts."

✓ Hogs traveled "first class" from Schleswig, Iowa, to a livestock exposition in Chicago. For the occasion the stock cars were painted yellow and green — the same as streamlined passenger trains.

✓ The City Council of Atlanta Beach, Florida, voted to arm its policemen with light meters after ordering that dimly lighted cocktail lounges be kept bright enough for patrons to read newspapers.

✓ An Artesia, New Mexico, citizen sued the Internal Revenue Department for $4,500,000,000. His principal purpose is to recover $83.70 but he explained: "I figure I might as well get up into figures the government can understand."

✓ In Maywood, New Jersey, a house was given a traffic ticket. It was being moved down the street and was charged with blocking traffic.

✓ When President Eisenhower returned to the Washington airport from his Summit Conference in Geneva, there was a heavy downpour but he declined to use an umbrella while newspaper photographers and reporters clustered around him. "Official circles" explained it would have been too much "like Munich."

✓ Mrs. Connie Ising of Kansas City won a new car and found she could barely afford it. After the Federal government collected its tax on the prize and accessories were fitted, Mrs. Ising found that the free car cost her $988.

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Where Is the "Liberty" in Civil Liberties?

By Harold Lord Varney

In our label-conscious U.S.A., one of the surest ways to subvert American liberty is to do so in the name of "liberty." When the wrecking operation is over, the people awake sadly to discover that they have demolished their safeguards in the delusion that they were strengthening "liberty." It is an old and familiar trick of packaging.

Something like this is happening today as the organized exploiters of the civil-liberties issue billow up into one of the nation's most vociferous pressure groups. Professional "civil liberties" agitation is a patent fraud against American political intelligence. And yet its hawkers have become one of the most effective functioning lobbies in Washington.

Since the end of World War II, so-called civil liberties defense has become a major Capitol industry. It is plugged by a vast number of topflight trial lawyers, public-relations "experts," pollsters, TV and radio opinion-movers, newspaper editors and columnists, Ivy-League college professors and highly skilled professional lobbyists. When, a few years ago, a so-called clearing house of organizations engaged in whole or in part in civil-liberties propaganda was set up, a total of 62 national bodies rushed to affiliate. Among them were some of the most vote-important groups in American politics.

Admittedly, not all these groups are conscious of the hard objectives which impel their leaders. Some of them are just muddled do-gooders who fancy that they have gotten aboard a popular trend. But all contribute toward the movement's amazing influence.

Civil liberty's high-bracket rating was shown three years ago when the Ford Foundation awarded $15,000,000 to establish the Fund for the Republic. The Fund was placed in the avid hands of Dr. Robert M. Hutchins — a civil libertist of dedicated fervor. Under its impressive phrases, the actual purpose of the Fund is plain. It is to build up a respectable intellectual case, buttressed by academic surveys and soundings, to sell a Ford Foundation-edited civil-liberties picture to the American public.

All of which would be a signal for

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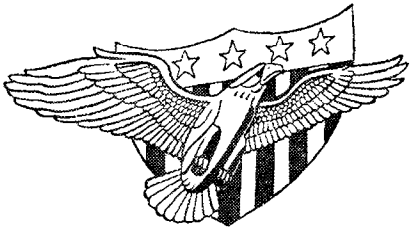

national applause if these determined propagandists meant the same thing that we do when they say "civil liberties." The American people could profit from a stirring campaign of constitutional education which would bring home to every citizen the rights and responsibilities which he enjoys under our historic Bill of Rights. Unfortunately, the civil-liberties movement which is overcasting Washington is not doing this.

When the American Civil Liberties Union and Fund for the Republic pied pipers ask us to crusade with them for "liberty," they are not talking about liberty under the accepted interpretation of the Bill of Rights. They are proposing a "New Look" Bill of Rights which has been twisted and contorted by the ideologies of its proposers to include protection of subversives and subversion. They are waging a politically-motivated campaign under the name of civil liberties whose primary activity is the smearing and the discrediting of the nation's anti-Communists.

There is nothing mysterious or occult in the meaning of civil liberties to the average American. Civil liberties are the political and legal rights guaranteed to every citizen by the first ten amendments of the Constitution, and by the post-Civil War amendments. They include specifically freedom of speech, of press, of religion, of assemblage and of petition. They include the right of habeas corpus and due process of law.

This golden heritage is not the exclusive monopoly of any political group or faction, whether it vaunts the name of "American Civil Liberties Union" or not. It is the accepted creed of every group of the American people. Brave men have fought and died for this creed and will fight in future national emergencies. Few of these heroes ever heard of an American Civil Liberties Union.

Where most Americans part company with the civil-liberties careerists is in their attempt to reinterpret the Bill of Rights to serve the demands of particular groups. In place of a charter which protects the rights of all, the self-styled civil libertist sees the Bill of Rights as a political weapon to be used to advance the interests of picked minority groups at the expense of the majority. It is an instrument to be used by some Americans in their fight against other Americans. Specifically, it is to be a legal escape hatch for subversives. In such a reinterpretation, the whole meaning of the Bill of

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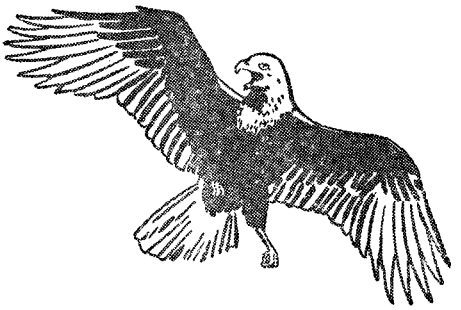
Rights becomes lost in an evil sea of faction.



BUT the Number One preoccupation of the majority of the civil-liberties propagandists is always with the subversive. Although they may talk at times of other things, the legal status of the subversive is the King Charles head which incessantly recurs in their activities. Every major move by the Government to make America an unsafe place for Communists to live in must run the gauntlet of the civil-liberties organizations. Every investigation of Communists in the government must face their ridicule and sabotage. Every government safeguard which has been set up against the Russia-Firsters meets the civil-liberties challenge.

Not even the fact that we are in a Cold War with Russia and an unsettled Hot War with Red China deters the civil libertists. The 134,000 Americans who suffered casualties at the hands of the Communists in Korea — the thousands of missing Americans presumably captives in Red prisons — have changed nothing for these agitators. The paramount issue for them is always the civil rights of the subversive.

Were their leaders history-minded, they would remember that the crushing refutation of their credo has been given by greater Americans than themselves. When they argue that we must extend absolute civil rights to the Communist or to the Communist dupe who would strip us before the Russian threat, they could find their answer in the words of Thomas Jefferson, father of the Bill of Rights. Writing to J. B. Colvin, Jefferson said:

> A strict observance of the written laws is doubtless one of the high duties of a good citizen, but it is not the highest.
>
> The laws of necessity, of self-preservation, of saving our country when in danger, are of higher obligation. To lose our country by scrupulous adherence to written law would be to lose the law itself, with life, liberty, property, and all those who are enjoying them with us: thus absurdly sacrificing the end to the means.

When they argue that we must allow even those who reject the American system to enjoy civil liberties under the Bill of Rights, the words of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes (Abrams *vs.* United States, 1919) rise up thunderously against them. Holmes said:

> I think we should be eternally vigilant against the attempts to check

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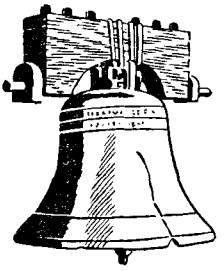
> the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

There are few, aside from civil-liberties doctrinaires, who would question that in this Cold War period, the Communists and their dupes "threaten immediate interference" to American public safety.

When we look at the actual activities of the civil-liberties groups we find that their principal concern appears to be, not the defense of the Bill of Rights but the exposure of the anti-Communists. This takes the form of a non-stop campaign against every security safeguard which has been built into our Federal Government during the years of the Moscow threat.

THE American Civil Liberties Union, spearhead of the 62 organizations, has made a great show of its alleged anti-Communism. In 1954, its executive board actually passed a resolution denouncing the Communist Party as an agent of the international Communist conspiracy. Many Americans believed that the ACLU, whose founder once wrote that "Communism is the goal," had experienced a genuine change of heart.

A scrutiny of its recent activities and pronouncements does not bear out any such an assumption. Virtually all of the heavily publicized current activities of the ACLU are pointed toward the discredit and frustration of the anti-Communists, and of the anti-Communist policies of the Federal Government. Let us cite a few, among many, of the recent ACLU achievements in baiting the anti-Communists!



1. Pressured the Army to discontinue the circulation of the pamphlet, *How to Spot a Communist*, among Army personnel.

2. Took legal action, together with the Red International Workers Order, to quash the Gwinn Amendment requiring loyalty oaths by tenants in U.S.-aided housing projects.

3. Protested successfully to the FOA against the order requiring security clearance for Americans serving overseas under contract as technical aid experts.

4. Protested to the Department of Commerce against the setting up of the Office of Strategic Information to stop the disclosure to Russia of strategic unclassified data.

5. Demanded that the Federal Communications Commission with-

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hold licenses from radio and TV stations which discharged or refused to employ artists with pro-Communist records.

6. Demanded that Secretary Dulles withdraw his order banning books by pro-Communist authors from overseas USIA libraries.

7. Protested to the United Nations against the dismissal of 20 American UN employees against whom there was evidence of pro-Communist associations or activity.

8. Spearheaded the stop-McCarthy drive of 1954, and the attempted McCarthy censure move of the same year.

9. Actively opposed the enactment of the Internal Security Act (McCarran Act) of 1952.

10. Following the conviction of the 11 top Communists under the Smith Act, issued a 40-page statement demanding repeal of the Act.

11. Issued a 16-page pamphlet denouncing internal policies in the American Federation of Labor at a time when the Federation was leading an international fight to drive the Communists out of the labor movement.

12. Issued a protest against the discharge of teachers with Communist records from their teaching posts.

13. Issued a statement to the President demanding the abolition of the Federal loyalty program.

These activities reveal an unmistakable pattern. It is a pattern of nominal anti-Communism, contradicted by a piecemeal attack upon virtually all of the security provisions which have been set up in the Government to block the Communists. It is a contrived program of taking the heat off the subversives by holding up the most effective anti-Communists as a greater menace to America.

A MORE SUBTLE but equally anti-anti-Communist approach is that of the Fund for the Republic.

> On Page 113 of the House Report No. 2681 [83rd Congress], our committee cited excerpts from a report of the Ford Fund for the Republic, signed by the chairman of the Fund for the Republic, that great captain of industry and business genius, Mr. Paul Hoffman — who managed the affairs of his own company, the Studebaker Corp., so well they recently had to borrow $25 million from three insurance companies to keep from going bankrupt — wherein Chairman Hoffman, of the Ford Fund for the Republic, told the parent Ford Foundation that the areas of action chosen by the Fund for the Republic would include: first, restriction and assaults upon academic freedom; second, due process and equal protection of the laws; third, protection of the rights of minorities; fourth, censorship, boycotting, and blacklisting activities of private groups; fifth, principle and application of guilt by association.
>
> It was stated that these objectives were to be free of political or legislative activity or propaganda. Our committee concluded — without the concurrence of the minority members, however — that the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic was created for the purpose, among others, of investigating Congressional investigations. (Congressional Record, 84th Congress, First Session. Speech by the Hon. B. Carroll Reece, Chairman, Special Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, July 21, 1955)

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Director Hutchins, who once told a committee of the Illinois Legislature that he did not regard the Communist Party in the United States as "a clear and present danger," has loaded his generously-endowed projects with sniping operations against the anti-Communists. The pattern of his researches is shown clearly by these typical Fund undertakings:

1. Gave $250,000 for a survey of Communist activities in the United States by 12 "experts," several of whom are notoriously anti-anti-Communist. Since the Committee on Un-American Activities and other government agencies have been doing this same job for years, the need of a new survey is not clear, unless the Fund is planning to challenge the findings of the Committee on Un-American Activities.

2. Gave $80,000 for a study of "fear" and its causes among high school and college teachers. The "fear" which is agitating the Fund is the fear of the Left-wing teacher of exposure by the anti-Communists.

3. Gave $20,000 to the Council for Social Action of the Congregational Christian Churches to provide study material on civil liberties and "to mobilize public opinion." The Council, on October 15, 1945, issued a pamphlet, crammed with quotations from pro-Soviet authors, urging that the United States walk lock-step with Russia in its post-war foreign policies.

4. Financed wide distribution of the transcription of the Edward R. Murrow "puff" interview with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer.

> The Ford Fund for the Republic selected one of the biggest political propagandists in the United States, Mr. Ed Murrow, of Columbia Broadcasting System, radio and TV, to do the job of dusting the security risk label off Oppenheimer.
>
> An hour-long interview between Mr. Murrow and Dr. Oppenheimer was filmed with sound, and at great expense hundreds of reproductions were made for free distribution to colleges and civic groups, all paid for by Dr. Hutchins, with tax-exempt money, your money and my money.
>
> In typical Ed Murrow fashion, the interview was a highly colored propaganda job to present to its viewers Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer as a genius, a towering figure in American science, who had been grossly abused and wrongfully accused of outrageous charges of which he was now and had always been, entirely innocent.
>
> Ignored entirely in this Ed Murrow propaganda films were the details of the charges against Oppenheimer, including his own admissions that he lied repeatedly to security officers of the Manhattan District and the FBI regarding his contacts with the Soviet espionage agent, Haakon Chevalier, as well as other vital security matters. (Congressional Record, 84th Congress, First Session. Speech by the Hon. B. Carroll Reece, Chairman, Special Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, July 21, 1955)

5. Financed distribution of a film heroizing a librarian who in the story refused to exclude subversive books in her library.

6. Distributed Dr. Erwin N. Griswold's book defending the use by subversives of the Fifth Amendment.

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Another activity in the one-sided political propaganda field of the Ford Fund for the Republic is the free and unsolicited distribution of books to Federal judges and college presidents throughout the United States. The three books selected by the Ford Fund for the Republic for such distribution are: *Grand Inquest*, by Telford Taylor, who has a red flag on his file at the Civil Service Commission with the warning unresolved question of loyalty; *Government by Investigation*, by Alan Barth, editorial writer for the Washington *Post*, long a defender of Communists and fellow travelers; *Conformity and Civil Liberties*, by Professor Samuel A. Stouffer.

The Ford Fund for the Republic also has teams all over the country, ostensibly investigating the Communists, but actually seeking to discover what active anti-Communists have been doing and even complex questionnaires have been sent to firms using radio and television to advertise their products asking pointed questions if they disapproved of hiring artists who pleaded the Fifth Amendment, had been named as a Communist by a government agency or been listed as one in *Counterattack*, *Firing Line*, *Red Channels*, and so forth. (Congressional Record, 84th Congress, First Session. Speech by the Hon. B. Carroll Reece, Chairman, Special Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, July 21, 1955)

7. Gave $5,000 to make up the deficit of a library at Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, after local patriotic groups had withdrawn their support in an effort to induce the dropping of a librarian, with a Communist-front record, who refused to take a loyalty oath and who pleaded the Fifth Amendment before an investigating committee.

8. Gave $25,000 for "analysis" of the testimony of witnesses who have appeared on behalf of the Department of Justice in Communist cases.

9. Allocated $200,000 to a TV cartoon series by Herblock, a Leftist of long standing. This award provoked such a protest, even among pronounced "Liberals," that the Ford Foundation for the Republic discreetly cancelled it.

10. Distributed 25,000 reprints of a *Harper's* article by Richard H. Rovere, scathingly ridiculing the witnesses who have come forward in loyalty-security proceedings to aid the Government in its case against Communists and pro-Communists.

11. Financed Bureau of National Affairs in making an *ex-parte* study at the loyalty proceedings, under the direction of Adam Yarmolinsky.

12. Employed as its publicity man Amos Landman, who, in 1949, wrote a book praising the Chinese Communists, and who pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a Senate Committee in July, 1955. Landman had previously been named by Wilson Burdett as a member of a Soviet spy ring.

UNDER its pretense of academic objectiveness, the bias of the Fund for the Republic seems unmistakable. It is a bias in favor of those who have given aid, wittingly or unwittingly, to the Communist conspiracy in America. It is a bias against all who have proven themselves to be effective anti-Communists.

Probably the most insufferable

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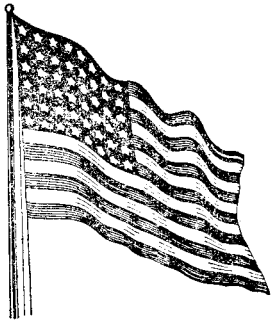

impudence of the ACLU, the FFR and similar organizations is their pose that they, and only they, sincerely care about civil liberties. In their picture, the continuous effort of their legal staffs is necessary to protect "civil liberties" from the rest of us. If we are to believe them, all the honored names in the American libertarian tradition — Zenger, Otis, Paine, Mason, Jefferson, Garrison — were but forerunners of the present day ACLU busybody.

Of course, the picture is cruelly misleading. Actually, reverence for civil liberties is ingrained in the deepest thought-habits of the American people. It cuts across every demarcation of the nation's life. It is kept aflame in every community by the very organizations which the civil-liberties misleaders hold up to execration and raillery. The attempt of the embittered sectarians of the ACLU to drape themselves in the honored civil-liberties name is as farfetched as Earl Browder's one-time attempt to sell Communism as "Twentieth Century Americanism." It is a political confidence game which will deceive only the gullible.

THERE was one time when the civil libertists overreached themselves with humiliating consequences. This was their attempt to put over their program through the compulsion of the United Nations. The strong common sense of the American people defeated this shabby subterfuge.

With the establishment of the United Nations, the top brains in the civil-liberties coterie decided that they had a new and extremely effective weapon to use against their opponents. A paper organization, the International League for the Rights of Man, was revitalized and accepted by the Economic and Social Council of the UN as an official consultant.

To Roger N. Baldwin, founder of the ACLU, this new international gambit was so important that he resigned the ACLU directorship to take the chairmanship of the League. Better still, one of the League leaders, Henry Laugier of Belgium, was maneuvered into the post of assistant secretary general of the United Nations, where he could render important help to the civil libertists from the inside.

The objective of the civil liberties coterie was the drafting of a covenant by the UN, which would embody their ideas, and which would have the force of law in the United States. Such a covenant was drafted

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by the Human Rights Commission of the UN, which was packed with members of like minds. Had the United States accepted the covenant, the American people would have found themselves subject to a world "bill of rights" drafted by a body in which they were crushingly outnumbered.

THE IDEA was so obnoxious to every American tradition that the proposal to ratify the covenant never reached the floor of the United States Senate. The League for the Rights of Man was stopped in its tracks.

However, their attempt to weaken American sovereignty in pursuit of their doctrinaire civil-liberties ends reveals the incurable irresponsibility of those who exploit the civil liberties name. They speak, not for the nation as a whole, but only for their own dogma.

The pressure power of the civil-liberties propagandists at this stage of our nation's life is frightening. But it is a synthetic power, which is built upon an edifice of communications media-control, of highly publicized courtroom histrionics, and of lobbying. It is a pressure from the top, not from the base of the American people.

Fortunately for all of us, the spirit of the American people is still uncorrupted by this spectacular attempt, in the name of civil liberties, to invalidate our cherished American freedom.

THE following appeared in the New York *Times*, October 29, 1955:

The Fund for the Republic has decided to revise its *Bibliography on the Communist Program in the United States* because of criticism from scholars and writers. . . . The 474-page volume published last January has been distributed among 1,200 libraries, educational institutions and government agencies as a guide to scholars, writers and students.

It took eighteen months to prepare as part of a three-piece project that cost $67,000. The revision will be carried out under the direction of Dr. Clinton Rossiter, Professor of Government at Cornell University.

The fund was charged with "left wing bias" by Seaborn P. Collins,

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national commander of the American Legion. Arthur H. Dean, former United States peace negotiator in Korea and former law partner of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, resigned from its board of directors. . . .

Criticism of the bibliography came among others, from Professor Philip Taft, labor economist of Brown University, a writer on labor history and Communism in trade unions.

"You deserve a vote of thanks from the Communist Party," Professor Taft wrote to Dr. Rossiter, who was one of the signers of a foreword to the bibliography. "For non-Communists it is an outrageous performance."

Professor Taft charged that "distortion by omission" had been practiced against himself and other anti-Communist writers.

James T. Farrell, novelist and chairman of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, charged the authors of the bibliography with "inexcusable sloppiness." He said it included attacks by Communist "hatchet-men" against non-Communist writers.

Dr. John A. Sessions of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union also criticized the bibliography.

"It would be difficult to imagine a work of scholarship at once more important and more badly done," said Dr. Sessions. "The compilers have consistently omitted the most important works of many of the very writers who have done most to illuminate the Communist problem."

He charged it had omitted such major works as the autobiography of Angelica Balabanoff, first secretary of the Communist International; the books of Arthur Koestler and Dwight MacDonald; the most important writings of Bertram Wolfe, Max Eastman and Liston Oak; and the documents published by the Free Trade Union Committee of the American Federation of Labor.

Dr. Sessions voiced the opinion that the omissions were caused by the "incompetence" of "rank amateurs," or by an "anti-anti-Communist attitude." He conceded that Professor Arthur Sutherland of Harvard Law School, who had charge of the project, was a legal scholar of unquestioned repute, but he raised the question whether he had checked on the "political background" of his assistants.

Professor Sutherland, who avowed himself a Republican and anti-

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Communist, replied that he had personally interviewed everyone who worked on the project, and could vouch 100 percent for their integrity and patriotism. He said they had worked "completely without political bias."

The literature on the subject of Communism in the United States is so extensive, he said, that a complete bibliography was impossible. He asserted it had been very difficult to decide what to keep in and what to leave out.

Save Your Breath

☆ A Yugoslav newspaperman was on trial in a Bulgarian court in Sofia, accused of espionage. The judge asked him for his name, address and profession.

The accused replied, "Name, Ravetch; occupation, journalist; address, number 132 — Street."

The judge told the clerk, "Take this down, Ravetch, the accused, camouflaged as a journalist, maintained his spying headquarters at number 132 — Street."

The accused tried to protest, "I beg of you . . ."

Judge: "He begged forgiveness for his crimes."

Journalist: "Please listen, your Honor . . ."

Judge: "He stated that he is aware that his deeds were against the best interests of the people."

The judge looked at his watch, then said to an assistant, "Just a few more questions and we'll have enough material to justify the sentence of 15 years which has been imposed in the case."

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STRAIGHT UP ▸ AND SIDEWAYS

BY GEORGE CARROLL

LEAVE it to the Marines, or more properly a single marine named Skeets Coleman, to stick out his (leather) neck and show us the newest aspect of aviation. Because of the fearless Skeets, you may one day start your airplane trip by rising, elevator fashion, instead of racing down a runway.

For a moment, forget about helicopters; they've been flitting around successfully the last 17 years. If you want to, though, keep the fanciful idea of so-called flying saucers in the back of your mind. This is why. Skeets flew the forerunner of certain strange-looking flying machines, some of which may turn out to resemble huge pie plates, moving sideways, forwards, backwards. These will come, not from Mars, but factories under contract to the United States Air Force and Navy.

These you'll be seeing, at least in pictures. But you won't be riding in them. In their descendants, still a long way off, perhaps you will.

What Coleman did was take a fairly ordinary type of fixed-wing airplane (except that it stood on its tail) and show it had VTO (vertical takeoff) qualities. He literally flung himself into the sky by the energy of his engine. He was not lifted up on wings. Neither was he hauled up by the wide swinging rotor blades that are the hallmark of the helicopter. It was something brand new in the field of flight.

Coleman climbed up a ladder to reach the seat, Ferris wheel type, of an 8-ton ship squatting like a stool on its castered empennage. Then he flew it straight up into the sky. Half a mile or so aloft, he flipped over into horizontal position to go barreling off between 400 and 500 miles an hour. Then he came back home again by dropping his tail, hanging by his nose and lowering his airplane down to the spot whence he took off.

The prop-jet (propeller driven by jet engine) plane had been tagged the Pogo Stick even before Coleman, a World War II marine flier and Convair test pilot, made history with it. The Navy ordered it built because VTO promised much for carrier operations and convoy defense.

Swell for Skeets and the Navy if they like that sort of thing, you probably say. But how will it be possible to stand a jetliner of the

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future, filled with 100 passengers, on its tail and blast it off like a rocket? How would you even do it with the propeller liners we have today like Connies and DC-7's?

By the time you read this, however, it is more than likely that a clue to the answer will have been released by the Pentagon in the form of a still later model of VTO aircraft — this one a pure jet without propellers.

Its mission will be to demonstrate that jet thrust, the hellish outrush that flares from the tailpipe of a propellerless plane, can be squirted downward in such a way as to hoist a heavy airplane skyward or lower it back to earth.

Ryan Aircraft Company, of San Diego, California, is builder of this new VTO jet. The tiny monoplane in which Lindbergh soloed the Atlantic to open a new era in aviation was also a Ryan.

This is how one British authority visualizes commercial application of VTO:

> If, as seems feasible, short life engines delivering a thrust of 10,000 pounds or more for a weight of 500 pounds can be developed, a battery of them could lift a trans-Atlantic airliner while it was still in horizontal attitude.
>
> Full weight of the engines to do this would show a saving over the weight of the wheels and undercarriage needed for conventional takeoff runs and landings. These, of course, could be eliminated.

The Ryan airplane is reported to have Avon engines of Rolls-Royce design. The first jet-propelled airliner to enter the U.S. passenger trade, the Vickers Viscount, flies on Rolls-Royce power.

Donald Quarles, Secretary of the Air Force, advises the public there is nothing to all the talk of flying saucers. Simultaneously, he speaks of the Ryan plane and another experimental, disc-like craft which Avro, Ltd., of Toronto, Canada, is putting together for the Air Force. The Avro job will be a vertical riser, too, featuring radical methods of employing jet blast. The shapes of flying things to come are, in fact, so unorthodox that Quarles feels impelled to caution:

> We are entering a period of aviation technology in which aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics will begin to appear.
>
> But they are direct descendants of conventional planes and should not be regarded as supranatural nor mysterious; they will still obey natural laws and, if manned, will still be manned by normal terrestrial airmen.
>
> Vertical-rising aircraft capable of transition to supersonic horizontal flight will be a new phenomenon in our skies. Under certain conditions, they could give the illusion of the so-called flying saucer.

In short, hold onto your hats while disregarding all those weird tales of little men 14-inches tall swarming out of spaceships built like turkey platters.

Hall Hibbard, engineering vice-

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president of Lockheed, which built a second Navy Pogo Stick, takes pains to stress that VTO represents an entirely different concept of flying from that of the helicopter. Says he: "No such planes have been produced before because sufficiently powerful engines have not been available."

TODAY's most powerful jet engines, like the Pratt & Whitneys in our B-52 intercontinental bomber and F-100 supersonic fighter, spit up to 15,000 pounds of thrust. At 375 miles an hour, a pound of thrust is roughly equivalent to one horsepower. Jets of 40,000- to 50,000-pound rating are probable in time.

The first requirement of a VTO airplane is an upward force greater than the weight to be lifted. The reciprocating engine never came anywhere near having a power-to-weight ratio good enough for the task, although the Chinese achieved "lift by blast" centuries ago with fireworks.

We were more than a decade along in the age of jet before even these comparatively compact powerplants reached a point where total thrust exceeded the weight of the engine delivering it. That's when VTO became theoretically possible in the world of aeronautics.

The British got the jump on the astonishing news of straight up by declassifying and publishing details and photographs of a contraption dubbed the Flying Bedstead. It was a test rig, practically all engines and fuel tank, with a place for a man on top. And nobody ever ventured very high with it.

But the Flying Bedstead did confirm what its builders believed from the beginning, namely that VTO never would compete with the helicopter as a means of hovering. VTO would be far too uneconomical for just stoodging around in the air.

Even aeronautical engineers can't agree, however, on the exact relationship between VTO and the convertiplane, which is a crossbreed of the helicopter and the airplane.

Like the helicopter, this hybrid needs no runway at either end of its journey. En route, it can go as fast as an airplane. When you consider that the world speed record for helicopters is 156 miles an hour and passenger airplanes cruise between 350 and 400, the advantage of the convertiplane is clear.

Yet all the myriad experimental types of convertiplane are ungainly appearing birds, because they are burdened with both wings and rotor blades. They are combined in many ways, sometimes with the rotors tilting forward to double as propellers. In seeking to be two things at once, the convertiplane suffers from the same ailment as the combination airplane-auto which has panned out fairly well operationally but has never caught on at the sales counter.

VTO starts out under complete military auspices. So did a lot of

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other innovations, like reversible propellers, that now come in for daily airline use.

Nobody knew what would happen when a man first reversed all four engines of a research plane in flight. The chap who risked it, Herb Fisher, is now an official of the Port of New York Authority. His prime concern today is seeing that millions of passengers move safely and efficiently through the country's biggest complex of metropolitan airdromes — Idlewild, LaGuardia, Newark and Teterboro.

Who knows? Skeets Coleman might wind up with the VTO concession at Idlewild, Big Chief Elevator Starter, so to speak, of the transatlantic jetliners.

And One Error...

» I was whiling away some time in the studio of a commerical-artist friend. He was just finishing a handsome ink drawing that included a man with his hand upraised. I watched as my friend's brush darted over the drawing making last minute corrections, touching up here and there. At last he leaned back, holding the drawing at arm's length, and pronounced it completed. I could hardly contain myself. "All that touching up," I said, "and you missed the most glaring error of all. The man's hand has six fingers." "So it has," he said complacently, "and for a reason. You see, this client is never satisfied with a drawing until he finds something he can criticize and have me change. That's why I always make one big booboo right where he can easily see it and where I can easily fix it up."

— BILL ARTER

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Harold Stassen: MAN ON THE MAKE

By POLITICUS

It is a frightening thought that, if President Eisenhower should give the nod, Harold E. Stassen would probably be the 1956 Republican nominee for President.

As of today, the Stassen chances are definitely long shot. He trails far in the rear in the preliminary Gallup pollings. But the Minnesotan has exhibited such extraordinary bounce in his past career that the possibility cannot be ruled out. His October 9, 1955 announcement that Barkis is willin' (an announcement which surprised no one) was the opening gambit in an elaborate Stassen maneuver which we shall see unfolding during the coming months.

Harold Stassen is not an easy man to bury. If anybody seemed politically defunct, it was Mr. Stassen after the Chicago convention of 1952. In defeat he became an object of humor — the most withering fate of a politician.

The usually adroit Stassen seemed to do everything wrong in 1952. His kick-off announcement in December, impressively and expensively staged on television, laid an egg. His first primary race in New Hampshire saw him an unimpressive third-place runner. But his greatest humiliation was encountered in his own State of Minnesota, always hitherto staunchly pro-Stassen.

When the primaries were held, Eisenhower, as a write-in, almost took the State's delegates away from Stassen whose name appeared alone on the ballot. The vote was Eisenhower, 106,946; Stassen, 128,605. After this, Harold was no longer a serious figure in the campaign.

At Chicago, he had the bitter experience of seeing Senator Thye, his old protégé, delivering the Minnesota delegates to Ike before Stassen could even make a deal. News commentators related that Harold wept openly in the convention.

All of which would have permanently finished any ordinary politician. It is a measure of Stassen's political savvy that he was back in the headlines before the November votes were counted. Firmly clutching the Eisenhower-Nixon coattails, he conspicuously orated throughout

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the campaign. Mutual friends convinced the inexpert Ike that Harold was dependably on the Eisenhower team and could be extremely useful to a new President. Stassen got his pay-off. The winning returns were scarcely in when Eisenhower announced that the Minnesotan was to be Averell Harriman's successor as MSA Director.

STASSEN had hoped for a Cabinet post, but MSA was a consolation prize of satisfying magnitude. The also-ran found himself dispenser of a fabulous 1954 budget of over $5 billion, with all the patronage and good-will usufructs which such an incredible sum implies. What was equally important to him, it gave him a firm toehold into the foreign-policy field where he had been a lone wolf figure since the 1945 UN conference.

Eisenhower probably did not realize what he was doing, but to turn loose such a pro on the political babe-in-the-wood John Foster Dulles was to invite a swift case of throat-cutting. The two men have worked together in the foreign policy field since 1953 under the suave surface geniality of an armed truce. But Dulles has found Stassen fastened around his neck at every foreign-policy juncture. In every important capital of the world, a staff of Stassen men has operated side by side with the regular State Department Foreign Officers, with independent lines of information and with independent pipe lines to Washington.

In 1955, the President raised Stassen to Cabinet rank in the newly set-up Secretary of Peace. This gives the country two Secretaries with authority to enunciate foreign policy — an impossible situation for Dulles.

The Eisenhower illness finds the egregious Harold breathing hotly down the Dulles neck. Stassen accompanied the President to Geneva last Summer. It was he and not John Foster who came up with the surprise aerial inspection proposal which the President used with such smashing publicity effect. He was designated by his chief as one of the three to accompany the hard-pressed Dulles to the Foreign Ministers' Geneva meeting. How Stassen has projected himself into such a position of authority is the story of top White House intrigue now being spun out in Washington.

Stassen, the outsider, has skillfully made himself the pivot man of the little "One World" ring which is now undercutting Dulles with the President. This ring numbers such redoubtable Administration and "kitchen-cabinet" figures as Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, Paul G. Hoffman, John J. McCloy, Sidney J. Weinberg, Robert Cutler, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Maxwell M. Rabb and Bernard M. Shanley (Stassen's old campaign manager). Every wobble in Administration foreign policy reflects the conflicts between this ex-officio group and the Dulles-State Department career men.

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Because Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, spearheads this shadow group, it probably has a slight edge over Dulles at the moment.

In this ambitious coterie, Stassen is the one political professional who has the know-how to translate purposes into action. As an immediate goal, Stassen yearns for Dulles' job as Premier of the Cabinet. Failing this, he hopes to use the Milton Eisenhower faction as a vehicle to propel him into the 1956 nomination.

That Stassen has caught on so quickly with this politically potent group is not surprising to one who has noted the sedulous zeal with which he has cultivated the Eastern "One World" and internationalist groups, and the do-gooder Rockefeller circle during the last decade. Stassen was one of the Vandenburg group in the Republican Party which disastrously committed the GOP to bi-partisanship in foreign policy at the Mackinac Island conference in 1944. He was picked by the Roosevelt Administration to be a member of the American delegation at the historic San Francisco UN Conference of April 25, 1945, as a safe Republican.

In fairness to Stassen, it should be stated that his defense of the UN has never been starry-eyed, and that it has been tempered by an alert recognition of the offensive intentions of Communist Russia. Even when he obtained his famous interview with Stalin in 1947, Stassen reported the dictator's offer of peaceful co-operation without conviction.

During the seven years of Truman, Stassen played his cards close, always with the internationalists as his principal fuglemen. Never forgetting the White House goal, he matched Eisenhower's elevation to the Columbia University Presidency by accepting the Presidency of the University of Pennsylvania, a post which he held six years, until the 1952 campaign. His name appeared with increasing frequency on dignified national directorships, invariably with the accolade of the international junta. His associations through the years have taken on the reassuring color of a man who has the "right" friends, and what is more important, the "right" enemies.

SOMETIMES, he has looked rather foolish. His proposal in 1950, before the Korean War, that there be a top meeting between Stalin and Truman to end the Cold War, was obviously a headline-hunting nibble. Stassen made certain of maximum publicity by addressing the letter to Stalin, rather than Truman. His inference that the Cold War could have been halted at that time, fresh after the Red Chinese triumph, on terms advantageous to the United States, was wildly farfetched. Stassen himself knew better, but he couldn't resist the publicity windfall.

In the Eisenhower Administra-

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tion, Stassen has become known as the man who will carry the ball when the play becomes rough. He jumped vociferously into the drive against McCarthy when many of his colleagues were still in their storm cellars. As his controversy with the Wisconsin Senator became ugly, Stassen publicly announced that he would fire any FOA employee who gave "classified" material to McCarthy. Since virtually all foreign aid information, except that contained in the official press hand-outs, is regarded as "confidential," this order barred McCarthy's Senate Government Operations Committee from looking into the FOA situation.

The gesture ingratiated Harold with the eggheads, timed as it was to coincide with the McCarthy hearings. It provoked from the outspoken Chicago *Tribune* the comment that "Mr. Stassen long since has forfeited any confidence he might have been privileged to expect from the American people."

Stassen again exhibited his uncanny instinct for grabbing headlines as a daring fighter, when the big guns were all behind him, by leaping into the Ladejinsky case. This case, because it criss-crosses with other controversial issues in Washington, has become a club with which designing men seek to discredit the Federal loyalty system. Actually, the Ladejinsky case was a simple one of a public official, in a sensitive position, who didn't measure up to the security rules. Another official, who lacked Ladejinsky's powerful backing, would have passed from the Federal service unnoticed.

Although Republican Secretary of Agriculture Benson was on the spot in the Ladejinsky case, Stassen didn't hesitate to muddy the waters. When Benson dropped Ladejinsky, the FOA Director promptly employed him, giving him full FOA clearance. It was a cheap way for Stassen to curry favor with Ladejinsky's well-heeled backers. The unhappy Benson, to retain his standing in the Eisenhower Administration, was forced to eat dirt by going before the Senate Civil Service Subcommittee on September 27, 1955, to enter a plea of mistake in the Ladejinsky episode.

The picture of Stassen which emerges from such incidents is the picture of a cynical, highly intelligent man who is determined to reach the Presidency by a shrewd exploitation of the weaknesses, and sometimes of the impolitic virtues, of his compeers. Someone once described a British counterpart of Stassen as a young man continuously and aggressively on the make. Stassen has been on the make ever since 1940, when he came out of Minnesota to convention manage the Willkie campaign and (according to Joe Barnes, the Willkie biographer) to exact from Willkie the promise of support of Stassen in his turn. After much floundering, he appears to

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have found himself in the Eisenhower Administration. At this distance, he appears to be Nixon's most dangerous potential adversary for the San Francisco 1956 heat.

It is unfortunate that a man so gifted as Stassen has gravitated to the Left Republican side. With his personal charm and his rare gift for lucid statement of political facts, he could have been a power had he fought as hard for genuine Republicanism as he has fought for Stassen. A few uncharacteristic episodes in his career reveal him as the man he might have been.

One instance when Stassen was ahead of his time was the Oregon primary contest with Dewey in 1944. Although Dewey won the contest and went on to the nomination, it was Stassen who better sensed the ultimate American decision on Communism. The contest turned on Stassen's proposal to outlaw the Communist Party. Dewey, riding the war-time "Russia-is-our-noble-ally" wave, argued against the step. Stassen, anticipating the McCarran Act of 1951, did not pull punches on the issue.

The radio debate between the two contenders was a national sensation. Dewey came out of the debate with the publicity laurels — cheered by a metropolitan press which was then fawning on Stalin.

There was also the occasion, in 1950, when Stassen came very near to advocacy of preventive war. He urged that an ultimatum be sent to Russia that the next offensive act by a Red satellite power, similar to that in North Korea, would mean immediate World War III. No wiser proposal was made by an American statesman during the Korean War. Unfortunately, Stassen did not return to this suggestion. There are no indications that he has urged such a step upon the Eisenhower Administration, now that he is in power.

Stassen may never be President, but he is definitely a man to be reckoned with in the muddled political situation which has followed Eisenhower's disability. With few cards to play, he has kept himself importantly in the game throughout the Eisenhower years. With the passing of Taft, and the eclipse of Dewey, the old rivals who so long blocked him from the Republican nomination are out of the picture. He has only new *arrivistes* like Nixon, Stratton and Herter to tangle with in 1956. On form, he should outmaneuver them, unless Eisenhower appoints another as his crown prince.

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Your Friend, the Bat

BY DUANE VALENTRY

HE'S HARMLESS, he's innocent, yet he is terrifying and detested. And Little Brown Bat is found everywhere.

As you stroll in the country on a warm evening, he'll hover about your head, looking for choice mosquitoes. But nobody realizes that he's there merely to be sociable and friendly or that he might be hungry. Let the bat put in an appearance and he's greeted with screams and rushing about.

"Look out for your hair!" is what he hears as he's swooshed off into the night. Hair? If Little Brown Bat got caught in the average hairdo, he'd probably die of fright. Bats aren't interested in your hair. But nobody believes this. So from generation to generation this innocent little country citizen is maligned and hated.

Neither does the bat carry fleas and bedbugs. Actually, he is probably the cleanest mammal this side of man. He spends much time on his appearance. He cleans his wings by holding the edges in his mouth, stretching the cloth-like material. No. Little Bat isn't dirty — he's almost too clean.

Closer association with the only flying mammal is likely to breed respect and even affection. The small, furred creature improves on acquaintance, when he's studied without prejudice.

Mother-love is something the human heart understands. Little Brown Bat is brimming over with Mother-love. Watch this tiny mammal cradle her baby in her wings.

Bats are born headfirst and crying — and mama catches them in her apron and coddles them until they are grown. No one but a mother would love the tiny, naked, blind things, born with perfectly-formed wings.

This mother is devoted, and there are few dangers she won't brave to protect her young. One was seen

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fighting off a huge blue jay with teeth, wings and hisses. On another occasion, a young boy caught a baby bat and was carrying it to a museum. On the way, the mother flew over and around him, finally lighting on his chest and clinging pitifully to her offspring.

If you hear the chirp of a bat, you're not hearing half of what it's saying. Usually, the bat converses in a tone too high for the human ear. As it flies, it emits continuous cries which seem to bounce back in the form of waves and instruct its passage unerringly. Related to this is the depth-finder and radar.

Hearing its way through the evening, the tiny mammal will eat a quarter of its weight in one meal, catching the insect prey in its mouth while flying or by using the tail membrane as a net. This big appetite shouldn't help the bat's agility. Nevertheless, the flight is a marvel, almost without peer even in the bird-kingdom.

Although the brown variety is most widely known, there are in all more than 2,000 types. Divided into 17 families, these range from the exquisite to the ludicrous, to the wicked.

THE BUTTERFLY BAT has beautiful delicately colored tracings on its wings. The two-inch pipistrelle, or "flitter-mouse" after whom Strauss named his opera, *Die Fledermaus*, performs delightful aerial ballers. Red Bat ranges from bright orange to chestnut and the huge Flying Fox of Australia turns out to be a fruit-eater.

Not so pretty are cousins such as the Tube-Nosed, the Leaf-Nosed, the Dog-Faced, Ghost, Hoary, Long-Eared, Black-Tomb, and the dread Vampire Bat, found in South America and Mexico.

It is this latter "black-sheep" relative who has given an evil name through centuries to all decent bats. Creeping or running like a tarantula to settle on its prey, the Vampire subsists solely on blood, animal or human.

Such a criminal in the family makes it a little hard for all respectable bats. Even a guileless nectar-seeker, or a comic Joe like Dog-Face or a neighborly Little Brown Bat have come to be linked with evil in the minds of men. The homely "false" Vampire doesn't help matters by looking like something dreamed up by the devil in a playful moment.

"Nothing in animal physiognomy can be more hideous," wrote naturalist Bates, "when viewed from the front, the large leathery wings, the large leathery ears standing out from the sides and top of the head, the erect, spear-shaped appendage on the tip of the nose, the grin, and the glistening black eyes all combining to make up a figure that reminds one of some mocking imp of fable." No wonder superstitious peoples have thought the bat a soul kept out of heaven, or a corpse rising from the grave!

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That bat's excellent time-sense will tell him when to hibernate for the winter in a cave or hollow tree. Some types migrate South and can be seen flying in masses by night or on a cloudy day. These travel hundreds of miles, taking shortcuts over oceans, often to the amazement of those on ship-board, where they may alight for brief rests.

When hibernating the sleeping bat breathes only at five-minute intervals. Occasionally, he may get up for a drink of water (bats are great water-drinkers).

Bats mate in late summer or fall, and the embryo's growth may suspend completely through winter when the mother has no food. Young are born in spring or summer, often in pairs. From here on it's mom's job, for pop has no paternal feeling whatever.

THE BAT generally lives long, as many are twenty years in captivity, probably around twelve in the wild. Crows, blue jays and owls are a menace, so are wind, hail and snow storms that beat them to the ground. Bats also get caught in burdock burrs, spiny plants and barbed wire. Not a glider, like the flying squirrel, but a real flyer, the bat can usually avoid capture by his skillful darting flight, unless his own special enemy, the bat falcon, pursues.

The most famous colony of bats has long existed at Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, and is estimated as high as nine million in number. Most of these roost in one vast chamber from which they stream forth on a summer evening as though at a given signal. Their going makes a great column a mile long, which takes fifteen or twenty minutes to pass out of the cave and up into the air.

Bat deposits in the Caverns, were once a quarter of a mile long, 100 feet wide and 100 feet deep. Guano sells anywhere from forty to ninety dollars per ton. There are towers in Texas which have been set up as artificial bat roosts in an effort to commercialize on this product, but not too successfully to date.

Bats rid the world of millions of tons of insects and countless mice and frogs. Perhaps the oddest eater of the family is the fish-catching bat, which scoops up fish in his tail membrane as he hovers over a creek, or grabs them with sharp-nailed feet. Unfortunately, these fish-eaters possess a remarkably bad odor unsurpassed even by the skunk, and have not helped the cause of other bats.

Bats make interesting pets. Folded like small pocket-knives, they are fascinating to study and docile to the touch, once they get used to handling. Kept as pets, bats thrive on chopped raw or cooked meat, honey bees, bananas, hard-boiled eggs, bread or crackers and cottage cheese — with plenty of drinking water. And then they like to have their heads stroked — just like any house-cat.

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Do You Know?

That Russia still holds 121 naval vessels obtained from the U.S. during World War II. It has returned only 65 of 186 subchasers, torpedo boats and landing craft it agreed to send back.

That in 1913, the year the 16th Amendment was adopted, our Federal debt was $12.27 for each man, woman and child. Today, it stands at about $1,900 for each man, woman and child, a total of over two hundred and ninety odd billions of dollars of national debt.

That the three most powerful leaders in Communist Russia are Kaganovich, Ashberg and Molotov.

That in 1929, corporations had $85 left out of each $100 of net income, after taxes. In 1953 they had only $46 left.

That Russia's plan is to isolate the United States and then take the country over from within.

That our unprotected paper dollar will go on declining as the planned perpetual war inflation goes on.

That a German scientist of Friedland, West Germany, said he designed a secret weapon for the Russians with the help of *plans and microfilms obtained from the West by spies.*

That under the 16th Amendment, the Federal government can tax or confiscate incomes without limit. Furthermore, the Federal estate tax is a capital levy — without limit.

That the United Nations' charter provides that the permanent military secretariat of the United Nations must be a Russian.

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That James O. Eastland, Chairman of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, stated that Communist propaganda is coming into U.S. ports "by the shipload" without being labeled because of legal loopholes. This propaganda comes in such volume that an entire warehouse in New York City, "as big as a city auditorium" is set aside to handle the Red output, and the warehouse is "filled daily for processing."

That it would take you 5,264 years to count up to the National Debt if you counted 75 numbers a minute, 24 hours a day, no time out for sleeping or eating.

That the banking system in the United States collects enough interest on government bonds, which it owns, to pay salaries and other compensation of all their officers, directors and employees.

That France recently, without permission, pulled its 5 divisions out of NATO and sent them into Africa to back up its tottering empire.

That there are five million people *illegally* in this country.

That the Ford Foundation, which holds 90 percent of the stock of Ford Motor Company, receives dividends of about 30 million dollars a year, all of which is tax free.

That American servicemen stationed abroad are subject to trial and imprisonment not only in NATO countries and Japan, but in 11 other foreign countries as well. They can be tried and imprisoned under the laws of those countries (Status of Forces Treaty — Article VII). This never happened prior to 1952.

That the National Commander of the American Legion, Seaborn P. Collins, recently launched a strong attack on the Fund for the Republic (offshoot of the Ford Foundation), warning members of the Legion that the Fund is "threatening and may succeed in crippling the national security," and accusing the Fund of "constant, loaded criticism of congressional and Administration efforts to resist Communist infiltration." He said the Fund tries to persuade America that Communism is no danger to the U.S.

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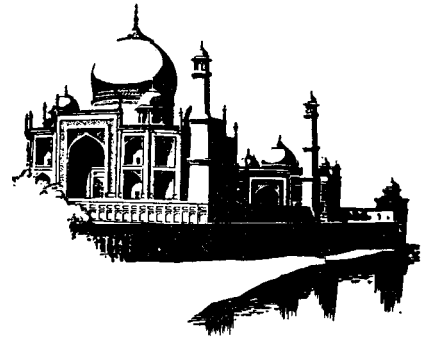
Sultans à la Carte

BY HENRY C. ATYEO

AT BREAK OF DAY on the first of October, an entourage of eight cars sped along the palm-studded roadway of the Mechaour, estate of the Sultan of Morocco. Leaving the extensive grounds by the northwest gate which was guarded by some hundred police, the party raced through the troop-lined streets of Rabat, across the Bou Regreg river to a waiting plane at the French air base of Salé. The nineteenth Sultan of the Alaoui dynasty in the Sharifian Empire, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafa, was on the way to "inactive duty" after a turbulent reign of two years and forty-one days.

Upon arrival at the air base, the Sultan, eyes hidden by dark glasses and clad in his long white robes of state, stood, supported by his gold-headed cane, while Lieutenant General Pierre George Boyer de Latour politely read a letter from President René Coty praising "Your Majesty in the serious decision you have been pleased to take." After hastily reviewing the French honor guard, the Sultan boarded the plane and was whisked away to Tangier, the international zone of the Empire. There he is to live, for the present



at least, in the villa formerly occupied by an earlier (also throneless) Sultan. The French government will pick up all the tabs.

From the early morning hours, when final preparation to leave the palace were completed, to the arrival at Tangier, Ben Moulay Arafa was undergoing an experience common in the life of a Moroccan Sultan. He was the fourth ruler in 33 years to be thrust into the royal throne chair and thrown out again by the machinations of the Arabs, the Berbers and the French.

In this instance, Ben Moulay Arafa, a dilatory and unpopular Sultan, had been undecided for weeks regarding his obligation to the unwanted Moroccan throne.

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The Sultan was little more than a pawn of the French. His future had been checkmated and his fate determined by a French compromise plan designed to bring peace to the strife-torn protectorate of Morocco by sacrificing the Sultan to appease the nationalists. His decision to leave had been delayed on the advice of his determined chief of protocol, Vizier El Hajoui, who had bolstered the tottering throne by insisting on a higher price than the French were willing to pay. At four o'clock one morning a French security officer called on El Hajoui in his apartment and announced his arrest. Quickly slipping out a back door, El Hajoui was seen speeding away in his white Cadillac with the police pursuing leisurely — the French had little desire to complicate an already difficult situation by his arrest and imprisonment. Within twenty-four hours, Sultan Ben Mouley Arafa was on his way to the air base with his official wife, seven women of the palace, two of his several grandchildren and a loyal bodyguard.

The vicissitudes of Moroccan rulers go deep into history. Over two millenniums ago the chieftains of the native Berber tribes saw the first landing of foreigners on Moroccan shores — the Phoenicians looking for gold and trade. Later the rulers saw their lands invaded by the Romans who came, under Pompey, to use Morocco as a recruiting land for the Roman legions. In the fifth century the Vandals overran the country. Then in the seventh century the Arab conquerors, champions of the Crescent of Islam, swept across Northern Africa, took over Morocco, deposed the tribal lords, and, following centuries of warfare, established the sultanate.

It was not until the time of King Louis XIV in the seventeenth century that the first French ambassador was appointed to the court of Sultan Moulay Ismail, the Bloodthirsty. The Sultan, worthy of his surname, was known for his assassinations. His harem contained over 500 wives and a family of 800 sons and hundreds of daughters, most of whom were strangled at birth. To introduce French strain into his royal progeny, the Sultan even asked for the hand of King Louis' daughter, Princess de Conti.

LATE IN THE nineteenth century, the "age of empire building," France began to look with longing eyes on Morocco. Algeria, had been acquired in 1830 and Tunisia added in 1881. The Moroccan Sultan, however, managed to steer a difficult course between French, German, English and Spanish interests until 1906, when the great powers met in the Algeciras conference to settle the North African "question." Although the Act of Algeciras recognized the "sovereignty of the Sultan," France was given a "special position" which would soon enable her to control the throne. After six troubled years in which the French

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increasingly gained power, the Treaty of Fez, March 30, 1912, made Morocco a French protectorate. Four sultans, *à la Français* have come and left the throne since then.

General Hubert Lyautey, the first Resident General, finding the Sultan Mulai Hafid uncooperative, devised a plan whereby the Sultan was "retired" in August of the same year and was succeeded by his brother, Mulai Yusef, who then occupied the throne for 25 years. The Sultan's third son, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, succeeded to the throne in 1927 and reigned during turbulent years, which were marked by a crescendo of nationalism. He, too, was destined to go the way of the two previous Sultans because he favored the Istiqlal (nationalists) and ignored his French advisors. One day in 1947 the French prompted Ben Youssef to include in a speech he was making in Tangier an appeal to "Look especially to France, lovers of liberty." The Sultan's failure to comply tested French patience to the breaking point and the task of finding a way to oust the Sultan was given to the Resident General, Marshal Henri Juin. But Resident Generals, like Sultans, are expendable and when Marshal Juin failed, he was replaced by General Augustin Guillaume. General Guillaume appealed to the cunning and ruthless El Glaoui, 77-year-old Pasha of Marrakech, who had won French favor earlier by saving a French party from desert bandits.

THE REAL STRUGGLE between El Glaoui and the Sultan began in 1950 when the Sultan sought to revise the Treaty of Fez. For three years El Glaoui did everything he could to embarrass the Sultan, finally resorting to circulating a petition to force the Sultan to abdicate. El Glaoui appealed to 353 other Pashas and Caids, 300 of whom signed the petition. He had planned to present his petition with military duress — a march of his Berber armies to the great Moroccan cities of Fez, Marrakech, Rabat and Casablanca.

However, General Guillaume stepped in and, during a five-hour meeting, persuaded El Glaoui to withdraw his army, on the condition that the French would remove the Sultan. On August 20, Ben Youssef's palace was surrounded by French tanks, artillery and troops, and the Sultan and his two sons were quietly hurried off to exile at Napoleon's birthplace, Ajaccio, Corsica. He was soon to be joined by two wives and daughters, a favorite concubine (chosen out of 42) and supplied with some five tons of luggage. He was later sent to Madagascar, where he lived in a mountain-top hotel. Unimpressive in office, Ben Youssef in exile has become a hero of the nationalists, who for two years have demanded his return.

The last of the four Sultans, Ben Moulay Arafa, was enthroned on August 22, indebted both to General Guillaume and El Glaoui for his

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position. There was little demonstration. The people seemed to approve, perhaps, because some 1,000 suspected terrorists had been arrested. Ben Moulay Arafa was distantly related to Ben Youssef but his ascendancy to Iman (Commander of Faithful) was actually due to the fact that he was a rich, easy-going aristocrat who could easily be controlled by El Glaoui and the French.

The Sultan's two years in office were far from enviable or happy. Until his recent trip to Tangier, Ben Moulay Arafa left the palace only twice, both times encountering an attempt on his life by disgruntled nationals. The first attempt to murder him occurred the day after he had signed a *dahir* (decree) limiting his own power and increasing that of the French controlled administrative assembly. During the traditional procession to the Touranga mosque a house painter, Allal ben Abdallah, roared his roadster toward the mounted Sultan, apparently intending to run him down. A physical instructor in the Sultan's guards, Robert King, leaped on the running board of the speeding car and subdued Abdallah, but only after King had been wounded in the shoulder by the would-be assassin's butcher knife. The driverless car ran into the Sultan's horse but the Sultan, having unceremoniously dismounted, escaped injury. Piously, he hastened into the Mosque to give thanks for his safety.

After this attempt on his life, the Sultan remained "at home" for six months until March 5, 1954, when he went to Marrakech, locale of the Berbers. There, while praying in a mosque with El Glaoui, a hand grenade exploded but a few feet from them, fragments wounding the Sultan slightly in the head. In the confusion, El Glaoui, unharmed, drew a pistol from his robe and shot a young garage mechanic, Akmed ben Ali ben Mohammed, who had probably thrown the grenade. It is not known whether the bomb was meant for the Sultan or El Glaoui — perhaps for both.

SAFE ONCE AGAIN behind the massive white walls of the imperial palace, Ben Moulay Arafa did not venture forth again. Strangely, unpopularity was not due to his action — or inaction — but to the belief on the part of the nationalists, that he was a willing tool of the French. They maintained that the exiled Ben Youssef was the real ruler and continued, in an ever-swelling chorus, to demand his return from Madagascar. Ben Moulay Arafa, caught in the middle between the French officials who had put him on the throne, the French *colons* (residents) in Morocco who supported him and the nationalists who hated him, lived an uneasy life. Even though he was the nephew of one Sultan and the grandson of another, he longed for the freedom he once enjoyed. The art of retiring from

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the throne, however, is not simple.

The struggle over the throne reached its climax on the second anniversary of Ben Youssef's deposition, *La Date Fatidique*, — the fateful date. The nationalists announced that the day would be one of demonstration and prayer for Ben Moulay Arafa's removal and Ben Youssef's return. Because of the vigilance of the Legionnaires, the death toll in most cities was kept to a minimum. But tension mounted, and bloodshed and massacre increased with each passing week until French forces faced a full-fledged civil war. The casualties since August 20, 1955 are reported to be over 3,000 dead with thousands more wounded.

Recent events — increasing rioting all along the thousand miles of Mediterranean littoral, the reversal of a Committee's decision in the United Nations and inclusion of the Algerian question on the agenda of the National Assembly, a political crisis in France which threatened the downfall of the government of Premier Edgar Faure on his colonial policy — all pointed to the gravity of the situation. The departure of Ben Moulay Arafa for Tangier far from settled the struggle. His final *dahirs* announced that he would not relinquish his "divine mission" but would delegate to "our cousin Moulay Abdullah ben Moulay Abdel Hafid the task of taking care of matters relative to the crown." A four-man regency council had been established to "guard the throne."

CLEVER El Glaoui, often with a sense of destiny in his decisions, viewed the kaleidoscopic pattern which sent Ben Moulay Arafa to Tangier and came to the conclusion that he had wagered on the wrong Sultan. One morning in late October he dropped in on Premier-designate Fatmi ben Slimane to tell the Premier that he "shared entirely the joy of the Moroccan people over the announcement of his Majesty Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef's return to France." Continuing with the nonchalant air of a confident showman, El Glaoui startled the Premier, and the French too, by exclaiming, "I make my own the wish of the Moroccan people, which is that of prompt restoration of Ben Youssef and his return to the throne."

El Glaoui started the landslide which, in a week's time, paved the way for Ben Youssef's restoration to power. The nationalists staged frenzied demonstrations on the ex-Sultan's behalf, using the occasion of the Moslem festival marking Mohammed's birth to surge forth in a seemingly continuous parade in anticipation of the Sultan's return. Within three days the conservative Presénce Française, powerful body of French *colons* to guard the status quo, meekly "bowed to the inevitable" and acquiesced in favor of a "Moroccan for the throne." Ben Moulay Arafa, seeing the handwriting on the wall, renounced all rights to the throne, leaving the recently-

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appointed Ben Moulay Abdel Hafid without portfolio. The Regency Council which had been appointed to "guard the throne" felt that its mission was fulfilled and offered its resignation, not to the French, but to His Majesty, Ben Youssef, who refused to accept the resignation but delegated the council to be the Interim Council until a new government was formed.

While enthusiasm mounted in Africa, across the Mediterranean in the sunny Riviera, plans were completed to welcome the forty-five-year-old Ben Youssef and his family. The 120-room Hotel du Golf in the little town of Beouvallon was refurnished and refinished for the Sultan, his two wives, two sons, three daughters and nineteen concubines. Ben Youssef arrived on October 31 and, amid a joyous reception by hundreds of his countrymen, proceeded to the Hotel du Golf which was intended to be his future home.

It proved to be only an over-night stop for the next day he flew to Paris to reside in the near-by palatial Pavillon Henri Quatre. He was received by Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay, who had hastened home from the Foreign Ministers Conference in Geneva to bring a cordial welcome from the French people and to open talks, with the "happiest prospects" for reconciliation.

Only time can tell whether the statesmanship of the French and the Sultan will equal the task before them. The new Resident General, Andre Dubois, met with Ben Youssef November 10. After their half-hour talk, the Sultan was quoted as saying his own happiness in the talk "lay in the very important fact that it is M. Dubois who is inaugurating the new policy that is going to be undertaken." He said this policy would lead Morocco to the status of an independent state with a constitutional monarchy.

EL GLAOUI made his peace in the most submissive way possible. He went to the Pavillon Henri Quatre at St. Germaine-en-Laye and, after being kept waiting an hour, he came in on hands and knees, his head bowed to the floor. When he reached the seated Sultan, he kissed the ruler's robe and feet and, prostrating himself four times, begged for forgiveness. The Sultan's quoted answer was, "Do not speak to me any more of the past. The past is forgotten . . . it is on what you will do in the future that you will be judged."

El Glaoui earlier had expressed the hopes of the Moroccan people when he said, "Only (the Sultan's) return can bring unity and calm to the spirits and to the hearts of the Moroccans . . . my aspiration is identical to that of the entire nation — independence of my country within the framework of interdependence with France."

It may well be that this time the country will have a Sultan à la Moroccan, not à la Carte!

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FOLLOW THE MAIL TO SUPAI

BY ANN AND MYRON SUTTON

NO U.S. POST OFFICE is more inaccessible than Supai, in an isolated corner of Arizona's canyon country. Twice a week the mail goes 35 miles west of Grand Canyon Village over a dirt road that is rough even for Arizona's wilderness roads, transfers to horseback and continues along a winding, precipitous, fourteen-mile trail which descends more than two thousand feet into Havasupai Canyon.

Follow the mail if you wish, and ride a Supai horse, but for hikers an easier approach connects U.S. Highway 66 with Hualpai Hilltop on the west side of the canyon, from which an easy, eight-mile trail drops into Supai. After that, all else is forgotten.

In a world amok with atom bombs and double-talk this red-canyon Shangri-La is a paradise indeed. Supai lies on the grassy banks of a crystal-clear stream in a remote, steep-walled section of Grand Canyon. It isn't large, as Indian villages go, because the inhabitants have never numbered more than three hundred. Their unobtrusive homes are scattered up and down the stream, against towering cliffs, hidden under cottonwoods and between willow thickets. Village headquarters consists of church, school, store, hospital-turned-guest-lodge, Indian agent's residence, and post office, but all this is simple and inconspicuous.

Supai's technicolored panorama

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comprises green fields, red cliffs and blue sky. Above the village soar two towering stone monoliths which are fixed in Supai legend; some say that, when these sandstone sentinels fall, the tribe will diminish and disappear. Such a disaster, however, is not expected for a good many centuries and chances are the tribe would carry through — legend or not.

It would be a shame for anything about Supai to change. This unbelievable, easy-going Utopia has been home to the Indians no one knows how long, not even they. Presumably, unknown moons ago, they lived in the plateau and mountain country near Flagstaff, 90 miles away, and were chased by warring tribes into the sheltering reaches of Grand Canyon. The first white man to visit them was a lonely Spanish priest named Francisco Garces. That was in 1776. Since then civilization has spanned the country but little has changed in this forgotten canyon.

THE SUPAIS are happy people and the climate is good to them. They excel in farming, hunting, basketry and riding. Horses are the essence of their existence; they know the saddle almost from birth and are expert riders before they are ready for school. Around the Fourth of July they take off for Flagstaff, where, at the annual all-Indian powwow, their prowess brings prizes and prestige.

At home, celebrations of their own are held in early fall — a gala peach festival to rejoice over beautiful crops. In their lush, subtropical hideaway the Supais raise corn, squash, and alfalfa, and tend orchards of delicious apricots, figs, and peaches.

All this they irrigate from Havasu Creek, a sparkling clear, never-ending supply of pure spring water. In fact, this stream has made their canyon famous, for a short distance below the village it plunges over three dizzy escarpments in some of the most magnificent and most-photographed waterfalls in the Southwest, Navajo Falls, 110 feet high; Havasu Falls, 180 feet; and Mooney Falls, 210 feet. In 1954, a disastrous summer flood plunged over these travertine cliffs and tore out much of the base of the falls, changing them drastically. But time will soon heal and build up the broken cliffs and restore to Supai its fabulously beautiful cascades.

Because of a heavy concentration of calcium carbonate the water coats everything it touches with travertine, which results in grotesque roots, stone draperies and stream terraces. Water gathers in limpid pools below the falls and in natural ponds downstream where hardness plus depth turns it turquoise blue; as a matter of fact, the canyon is named from this phenomenon: *haha* meaning water, and *vasu* meaning blue-green. Romanticists have long known Havasupai as the Land of the Sky-Blue Water.

It is a miracle of color. Aestheti-

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cally, no time outdoes springtime, when wild flowers are sweeping the entire canyon. Hundreds of species — from cactus to redbud to orchid — flourish here but none in such showy numbers as the crimson monkeyflower, or *Mimulus*, which gathers in masses about springs or on islands in midstream.

Undetermined mineral wealth — lead, silver, vanadium — is locked in the limestone near Havasu Falls. For decades numerous efforts have been made to extract it but Supai's remoteness safeguards its exploitation. Around the turn of the century a former sailor named Mooney, who was more interested in minerals than in scenery, came into the canyon and began poking about for rich veins. His enthusiasm, however, brought about his undoing. He threw a rope over the 200-foot sheer precipice beside the highest falls and started to descend. Too late he discovered that the rope was not long enough — and had caught in such a way that he was unable to climb back to the top ledge. The Supais were helpless to rescue him. Today, in Mooney's memory, the falls bear his name.

FOR A LONG TIME, waterfalls, wildflowers and Indians have attracted wilderness wayfarers to this cliff-bound Elysium. Outside visitors remember discreetly that they are on private property and not a public playground. Picture-taking requires a camera permit, but that is by no means a license to amble about freely. It may be possible to photograph the people if their permission is asked, as they speak English.

If you like rustling cottonwoods and singing falls to lull you to sleep, there is nothing like it. Havasupai's compelling charm has not one aspect but a hundred, various and changing. Your trip will not be long enough, but why worry? There will be more to do next time, and next time must be soon. That, and only that, makes the thought of leaving bearable.

The people laugh and say goodbye, and the lingering fascination of this charming canyon remains a long, long time.

The Proof of the Pudding?

- **Even if two can live more cheaply than one, it's worth the difference. — *Modern Proverb.***
- **Matrimony is a bargain, and somebody has to get the worst of the bargain. — *Helen Rowland.***

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New Slants on BEST-SELLERS

BY FELIX WITTMER

DO BESTSELLER lists influence the sale of books? "As a general rule," the owner and manager of a large wholesale company told me, "booksellers gamble on the market flair of the big publishers. If they learn that from $10,000 to $25,000 has been spent on advertising before publication, they jump on the bandwagon and, without reading the book, order a large stock. Thus often a book is 'made' several weeks before publication. The bestseller lists have nothing to do with such success."

Miss Alice P. Hackett, under whose guidance the monthly "National Best Sellers" of *Publisher's Weekly* is compiled, wrote me on July 1, 1955: "It is our belief that best seller lists are important and newsworthy because the general public is always interested in what books are best sellers."

On my own, I sent a questionnaire to 150 of the about 600 book stores which the *American Book Trade Directory* rates as "active," and in addition to that I polled over a hundred authors and highly interested readers by word of mouth. Out of more than 200 persons who expressed an opinion, almost 90 percent thought that bestseller lists influence the trade. It is fair to assume that the lists would be eliminated were not a great many librarians, sellers and readers guided by them. Granting the importance of bestseller lists, it is only natural for us to inquire how reliable they are and what writers benefit the most by them.

The manager of an active book store in a large midwestern city wrote me on May 27, 1955, regarding bestseller lists: "In my opinion, they are not accurate as far as our store is concerned. I refuse to believe that we are so much out of line. In most cases our weekly and monthly bestsellers do not appear on the

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usual lists. Either we are out of line or the published lists are not accurate."

"I don't believe they are too accurate," another manager wrote on May 28, 1955, "for when the call is made for best-sellers if the person who gives out the information is busy at the time he or she will more or less give last week's best-sellers or titles that come to their mind."

A comparison of bestseller lists disclosed a pattern of glaring inconsistencies. Who is responsible for these inaccuracies? How are the various lists put together? Is sloppiness or personal bias of the reporters responsible for these manifest irresponsibilities? Here is what I found out.

Miss Edna Vanek, editor of the ALA (American Library Association) Booklist, which largely serves our smaller libraries, informed me in a letter of June 7, 1955, that her staff makes its selections "with the help of a group of librarians actually engaged in library work," and that the librarians' "opinions on new books are obtained through correspondence."

The eight-page monthly bulletin "Reader's Choice of Best Books," published by the old and respectable H. W. Wilson Company of New York City, is mailed to the 11,334 libraries of the Classified List published by the *American Library Directory*, and to about 9,000 additional addresses, most of them smaller libraries. In addition, some 30,000 separate copies are sold — in quantities ranging from two to 800 — mostly to libraries, for the benefit of clubs as well as individuals. Mr. Edwin B. Colburn, Chief of Indexing Services of the H. W. Wilson Company, told me that "Reader's Choice" is collected from frequency-of-demand reports furnished by 25 large libraries.

The trouble with these frequency-of-demand reports derives from the uninformedness of readers who have never had a chance to learn about the existence of those conservative and libertarian books which our entrenched leftist book reviewers have so consistently and deliberately ignored. Preconditioned by our prejudiced book review media, they cannot possibly ask for books which are hidden by the reviewers.

Like "Current Library Favorites" of Wilson's "Reader's Choice," the more or less weekly "Library Poll" of the *Saturday Review* is based on routine reports from large libraries. Wilson polls 25 libraries, the *Saturday Review* 20. More than half of the latter's sources also report to Wilson.

MY QUESTIONNAIRE, courteously answered by the managers and owners revealed that the bestseller lists of the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune*, released every Sunday, are preferred by the majority. In order to evaluate the bestseller lists of these two influen-

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tial metropolitan papers, I interviewed Mr. Francis Brown, editor of the New York *Times Book Review*, and Miss Nancy Longley, who supervises the compilation of the *Tribune's* bestseller list.

Mr. Brown informed me that the regional correspondents of his paper gather the necessary information by calling up representative book stores in their area.

It is a known fact that at this time the majority of our intellectuals tend toward the left. Organized boycott of straight conservative books, in the few media of book reviewing, but also in book stores, has been frequently discussed and documented. It is therefore quite possible, if not probable, that many of these unchecked reports from book stores are deliberately slanted. Certainly any pro-Communist sales clerk knows what books the Party wants him to boost, and which ones he is supposed to ignore. And what guarantee is there that the regional correspondents of the newspapers do not indulge in a bit of fixing themselves? How weighty are weighted-percentage calculations if many of the source reports are possibly slanted and certainly sloppy?

The *Tribune* receives about 50 weekly reports from book stores in various parts of the country. These reports, on postal cards, enumerate half a dozen items each in the fiction and non-fiction categories. They are not signed, nor do they indicate how many copies of each book have been sold. Thus a small store which is polled by the *Tribune*, may report a book as a bestseller after selling 8 copies a week while a large store, which sells 50 copies of another book, is not even polled.

It occurred to me that the *Tribune's* list, week after week, published the reports of stores from small communities, such as Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Santa Barbara, California, whereas not a single book store from as large a city as Philadelphia is listed. I am personally convinced that there are highly distinguished readers in Albuquerque and Santa Barbara, and I am aware that quality is not to be confused with quantity. However, once we approach statistical measurements, we must follow through. It so happens that the 1952 edition of the *American Book Trade Directory* describes 19 book stores of Philadelphia as "active outlets."

For Cincinnati and Chicago, two lively and wide-awake non-eastern cities, the *Tribune*, week after week, received its only reports from Cokesbury, the book stores of the Methodist Publishing House, whose religious outlet, in these two instances, outweighs that of lay literature. I wrote to the managers of every one of the 19 other large and active book stores of Chicago, inquiring why they did not report to the *Tribune*. The unanimous answer was: "We were not asked."

Checking a dozen *Tribune* charts

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with respect to geographical representation, I found that 20 States were not included. Why no reports from Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina and Wisconsin which, according to the 1952 *Directory*, comprised a total of 63 active book stores? Why nothing from the nation's capital, with its 13 active book stores? Is the capital not representative, geographically or otherwise?

There cannot be any doubt that the *Tribune's* bestseller list is a haphazard and sloppy document, though not necessarily any more misleading than some of the others. Yet 27 American, 7 Canadian and 4 foreign papers publish this unreliable chart. And no one all these years seems to have protested against this universally shocking situation.

On top of it all, our small publishers, which includes such dedicated printers of conservative and anti-collectivistic books as Caxton and Devin-Adair, even in the rare cases when they succeed in bringing a potential bestseller to the attention of wider circles, are excluded from the bestseller lists because they are forced to do most of their selling the mail order way.

In the interest of a higher and more objective standard, the publishers of bestseller lists should at last work out a code of ethics. Considering that in all likelihood reports from book stores cannot be checked, bestseller lists should be based on monthly reports from the publishers themselves, and on no other source. If a publisher is too busy to compile reports, it is too bad for him and his authors. At least, he should be given the opportunity to be in the running.

Inasmuch as books of quality quite often attract but a minority of readers, in some way even smaller publishing houses ought to be given the chance of having the sales figures of, let us say, their three top sellers reported. In all cases, the exact number of books actually sold should be printed in special columns of the bestseller lists. Anyone interested would thus be in a position to check the figures released every month by our publishers against the actuarial annual sales reports.

Possibly our publishers, in an endeavor to raise the ethics of their business rather than push their own products in a savage jungle fight, might take the initiative. They might create a private agency which releases accurate monthly sales reports on books of all respectable houses, for the benefit of the press and the magazines of the entire nation.

As of today, our most vaunted bestseller lists render a disservice to our readers. If not actually a fake, they are certainly misleading.

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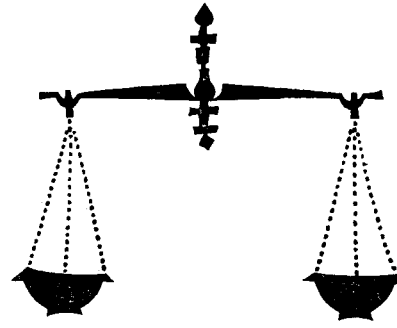
WHY DO OUR COURTS PROTECT CRIMINALS?

By John Barker Waite

WITH KARL DETZER



ON MONDAY evening, April 8, 1946, the telephone rang on the desk of Detective Lt. Gilbert T. Belland of the Seattle police department's narcotics squad. The voice of a well-known informer whispered, "Someone smoking opium at Europe Hotel."

Belland hurried to the shabby hotel and made the stairs two at a time. At the second floor he sniffed and turned left. His experienced nose led him to a closed, ill-fitting door. The unmistakable odor of burning opium seeped through the cracks.

Belland knocked and a woman's voice demanded, "Who's there?"

"Police," Belland said. "Open up."

There was a sound of hurried movement inside. The door opened a few inches and opium fumes poured out. The detective recognized a woman known as Anne Johnson. He showed his badge, pushed the door wider and stepped inside.

Anne Johnson denied that anyone had been smoking there. A quick search showed that she was alone; it also disclosed an opium pipe, still warm, and a quantity of the forbidden narcotic gum hidden in the blankets of an unmade bed. Belland arrested the woman on the spot, charging her with illegal possession of the drug.

He knew that this was risky, for he had no search warrant: no valid warrant could have been issued merely on the informer's tip. And after the door was opened, there wasn't time to hunt a magistrate, present the facts and await the

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preparation of a legal document. Belland reasoned, however, that the strong opium fumes escaping through the door were evidence enough of a crime committed in his presence.

A jury convicted Anne Johnson, concluding logically that since the possession of untaxed opium was a felony — and undeniably she had possessed it — any other verdict would be ridiculous. But Anne Johnson, with the gratuitous help of an able lawyer, carried her case all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court.

That august body, in a five-to-four decision, somehow found that Belland's prompt action in entering the room, confiscating the opium and arresting the woman had violated the Constitution's ban on "unreasonable searches and seizures." Therefore all that he had seen, heard and found should have been concealed from the jury. The high court reversed the woman's conviction and set her free.

THIS ACTION, like those of scores of other courts of high and low degree from coast to coast, added to the nation's growing burden of crime. It not only released a proven lawbreaker caught in the act, but obstructed police efficiency. Other policemen, pondering the result of Belland's intelligent action, naturally would hesitate to follow his example. By the same token, the underworld, noting that one more evildoer had used the courts to escape punishment, no doubt was emboldened in its lawless ways.

Criminologists long have known that the certainty of swift arrest and just punishment is a most effective crime deterrent. Thus when any court permits technicalities of procedure to interfere with fair punishment of wrongdoing, it encourages lawlessness. At the same time such judicial action makes the lives and property of law-abiding citizens less secure. Yet the Anne Johnson decision was only one of hundreds in which hair-splitting judges have tied the hands of enforcement agencies and abetted and encouraged criminals in their war on decent society.

The trend toward the frequent use of the "unreasonable search" clause to escape just punishment began in 1914. Federal agents had arrested a man named Weeks, suspected of mailing lottery tickets, at a railway station. They then borrowed a key to his rooming house door from a fellow lodger and entered without a search warrant. They used in evidence the lottery tickets they found in Weeks' quarters and he was convicted.

The U.S. Supreme Court reversed that conviction on the ground that search of the room without a proper warrant was "unreasonable." The court then stated that no evidence against anyone whose privacy has been unreasonably invaded to get that evidence may be used, no matter how clearly it establishes guilt.

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This is a judge-made rule, not to be found in Federal or state laws. By slavishly following this strange precedent, many courts for 40 years have played into the hands of hoodlums and their lawyers.

The most unreasonable thing about the "unreasonable search" clause is the fantastic interpretation put on it by judges. It has been extended to cover not only a man's home, but his hotel room, the basement he rents to sell dope or lottery tickets, his house of prostitution, his barn full of stolen goods, the shack in which he makes illicit whisky, even the woodlot on the back forty acres of his hideaway farm.

When a New Jersey bootlegger named Trupiano rented a barn, the suspicious farmer reported the fact to Federal authorities who sent an undercover agent to pose as a hired hand. The bootleggers moved in, began to make illegal alcohol and shortly employed the agent as a roustabout. One evening when all members of Trupiano's gang were expected to be present to help unload a large shipment of sugar, the undercover man notified his superiors. Federal officers surrounded the barn. Through its open doors and windows they clearly saw the big still in operation, smelled the cooking mash, and saw one of the bootleggers at work.

The agents arrested him, took samples of the mash and raw alcohol. Later the other members of the gang were rounded up. That they were guilty there could not have been the slightest doubt. But the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the decision. Despite the fact that Federal agents

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had gone to the farm at the suggestion of its owner and with their own eyes had seen bootleg alcohol being made, the justices said the agents should have brought a search warrant. Guilt or innocence did not enter the findings.

Precedents set in the wild days of Prohibition still guide many courts. Fantastic findings that gladdened the hearts of bootleggers and speak-

easy operators are used today to free dope peddlers and gangsters and to bring the courts into disrepute.

That the courts have ignored even our national security in the protection they give the guilty is clearly proved by the release of Judith Coplon. This employee of the U.S. Department of Justice was arrested by FBI agents on a New York City street, while in the act of attempting to turn over secret documents to a Russian spy. On March 7, 1950, she was convicted and sentenced to 15 years. The conviction was reversed because the FBI made the arrest without a warrant and also because the Government had failed to show that its evidence was not obtained through wire-tapping. Had state officers made the arrest in precisely the same manner, the court ruled, it would have been legal. But because Federal officers did it, Miss Coplon was turned loose. Moscow must have laughed merrily.

In reversing convictions, judges too often show greater concern with the behavior of police than with the prevention of crime and the punishment of offenders. Undoubtedly some policemen use illegal means to extract confessions. Nor is it unheard of for policemen to beat severely men who have killed other officers or have committed particularly atrocious crimes. Of course, the police have no legal right to do this. But they are guilty of such acts far less frequently than criminals and many of their lawyers would have the public believe.

CHARGING the police with "unreasonable" arrests and "unreasonable" searches is a common dodge used to escape just punish-

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ment when the evidence is undeniable. But even when guilty persons are apprehended by "unreasonable" means, as in the Anne Johnson case, the courts have no moral right to punish the police by letting proven criminals go free.

Many of the strange technicalities invoked by state and federal courts to give immunity to the most reprehensible of criminals are so far-fetched as to strike the layman as utterly daft. There was, for example, the case of Charles Rizzo of New York City. Rizzo knew a paymaster named Rao, who each week carried a $1,200 payroll from a bank to various construction jobs. It would be an easy stick-up.

Rizzo talked it over with three pals named Dorio, Milo and Tomasello. Dorio had a car; the others had guns. They pooled assets and went after the money, but their timing was bad. When they reached the bank, Rao had left. They trailed him to two jobs where he paid off workers, arriving at each too late. As they approached Rao's third stop, the police, suspicious of their movements, picked them up. They were charged with attempt to commit armed robbery.

A jury convicted them. Three of them went to Sing Sing, and Rizzo appealed. After reviewing the case, the appellate judges opened their findings with a pretty compliment to the police for having prevented a serious crime. But, the court pointed out, the hoodlums had not yet actually "attempted" robbery. The police caught them before they pulled their guns, before they shot anyone, even before they caught up with their intended victim.

The judges solemnly ruled that though the men had planned a hold-up and set out to accomplish it, this did not actually constitute an "attempt," but merely "preparation." There was no moral difference on the hoodlums' part. But because an error in their timing prevented "preparation" from becoming "attempt," the court not only ruled that Rizzo must be freed at once, but recommended that the Governor of New York release Rizzo's three pals, which the Governor did.

Naturally, there was rejoicing in the underworld. Once again the courts had turned guilty men loose on society under a technicality so abstruse that no ordinary citizen could understand it and one which no deeply thoughtful person concerned with the safety of a community could consider reasonable.

APPELLATE judges in Texas reversed the murder conviction of a man charged with having drowned his wife, because the accusation failed to specify whether the alleged drowning was "in water, coffee, tea or what." In another Texas case a hitchhiker kidnapped a woman motorist, ordered her out of the car at a lonely spot, jumped on her and kicked her to death. He was caught and tried. The indictment charged

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that he had murdered his victim by "stamping" on her. The Court of Criminal Appeals reversed his conviction because the indictment did not state "with what he had stamped on her." Although fewer such fantastic decisions based on mere wording are rendered today, enough of them persist to gladden criminal hearts and frighten honest citizens.

How are we to halt this travesty on justice, make the guilty pay for their crimes, and bolster the public safety? One way would be for the informed and incensed public, through letters and telegrams, through the pulpit and the press, through public forums, radio and television, to cry out against each and every miscarriage of justice and against every criminal turned loose on a mere flyspeck of technicality.

An outpouring of indignation sooner or later would be heard by the courts, despite their paper buttresses of precedent, and they would cease to encourage criminals and criminality at the expense of the public safety, public decency and public good.

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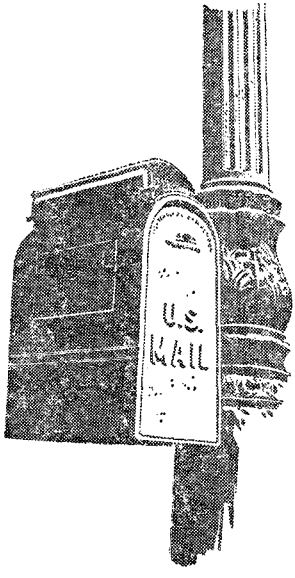
UN LETTERS, Special Delivery

BY KARL HESS

SO THAT VISITORS to the United Nations headquarters in New York will not have to strain their brains to tell the folks back home all about the visit, the UN has thoughtfully provided, through its Department of Public Information, a pre-printed "letter" describing a tour of the UN, all ready to be sealed and mailed.



Having just received one of these communiqués from the front lines of mankind's "last, best hope," it occurs to me that if a visitor *did* stop and try to do some of his own thinking, a somewhat different letter might be written. Herewith, the highlights of the UN letter and the highlights, also, of what we might call a US letter.

UN: "So capitivating was the scene that I quickly became oblivious of the UN's less attractive surroundings. Little did I realize, until our guide arrived to tell the story, that a few short years ago, shabby tenements, breweries and slaughter houses cluttered this site."

US: Though it was a captivating day, one could not be oblivious to the UN's less attractive aspects. For one thing, there were the guides. In a variety of accents, in keeping with the UN's international hiring policies, they told of the "shabby" buildings that had "cluttered" this site before the beauty of the UN fell upon the landscape. But what of the guides? How many had come from the slave states of the Soviet? How many had come from the cluttered warrens of the Orient? How many had come from the shabby backwaters of old cities living off new grants from America? The guides seemed like rude children criticizing something they do not understand in a home they cannot appreciate.

UN: "I wonder what old Peter Stuyvesant would say if he could

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return to discover that this 18-acre plot is now international territory and owned by the people of the world, rather than by the Dutch or English alone?"

US: I wonder what the old ones — the Dutch, French, English, German, Spanish and Irish who cleared the land, piled the stones and gave their hearts to the land — would say to hear pert young girls and bright young men smiling condescendingly at the valors and virtues of old flags and faiths that built our world? I also thought of how pleased the Australian Bushmen, in their trackless wastes, and the other "people of the world" must be to "own" 18 acres in downtown Manhattan. Perhaps, however, they would have a good time at the UN. They wouldn't be able to read all the signs prohibiting the public from certain corridors of the place they "own."

UN: "Had I seen this area in 1945, with its squalid buildings and cobbled streets, I'm afraid I wouldn't have thought it a promising location for the headquarters of an organization as great as the United Nations."

US: Had any American been able to see these antiseptically polished buildings while he was fighting through the rubble-paved streets of Korea, he might not have thought too much of the promises of this "great" organization. He might, for instance, have recalled that Soviet representatives were lunching in the bright comfort of the delegates' lounge while receiving the latest news of how Russian weapons were killing American troops.

UN: "The cost of the buildings, which is shared by all member nations, was $68,000,000 — some $32,000,000 less than the cost of a modern battleship. $65,000,000 of this sum was loaned on an interest-free basis by the United States and will be repaid by the United Nations over a 32-year period."

US: Comparing the cost of the buildings to the costs of modern battleships makes one think of Stalin's famous question about the Pope: "How many divisions does he have?" And one wonders what his successors most respect — a couple of modern battleships or a multi-million-dollar group of buildings.

UN: "Mention of the budget reminds me — did you know that the annual per capita share of the cost of running the United Nations is higher for some other member nations than it is for the United States? It's a fact — Americans pay less than a dime apiece, while Icelanders have to put up more than twelve cents."

US: Mention of the budget reminds me of a fancy piece of mathematical footwork that is used to entertain visitors to the UN. Iceland, with some 148,000 citizens, puts up about $18,000 a year. America puts up about $15,000,000! But UN statisticians gloat about Icelanders paying a couple of pennies more per capita.

UN: "Each Member Nation has *one* vote . . ."

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US: Seeing the General Assembly building recalls that although each member nation is *supposed* to have one vote, the truth is far different. The Soviet has one membership and one vote under its delegation from the USSR proper. It has another membership and another vote through the delegation from the Byelorussian Republic! It has a *third* membership and vote through the Ukrainian Republic. On top of that, of course, two of its dominated satellites, Poland and Czechoslovakia, are voting members. That makes *five* votes.

UN: "Sweden contributed the cost of decorating the Chamber in which the Economic and Social Council meets to promote higher standards of living; to labor for full employment; and to improve economic conditions and speed social progress."

US: It seems quite appropriate that Sweden gave money to decorate the chamber. For, since the inception of the UN, it has been clear that Sweden's totalitarian, if benevolent, form of State Socialism has been the standard and goal of the organization.

UN: "It made me feel good — more comfortable — as I stood in the headquarters of professional peacemakers, to learn that so many laymen are actively striving for the same goal."

US: It made me uncomfortable as I stood there to realize that this supra-national agency has been so easily used by the professional "peacemakers" of the Kremlin. Not only, of course, has it provided a perfect cover for their "peaceful" espionage in this and other countries, but its watered-down resolutions of peace have been used at virtually every turn of the Communist line to support such infamous "professional" peace moves as the Stockholm Peace Petition.

UN: "All of these people (speaking of the UN staff) are international civil servants, recruited from all over the world. They work for the United Nations and are bound by oath of office not to seek or receive instructions from any government or outside authority in connection with the performance of their duties."

US: All of these people are international civil servants, but some might be more servant than others. First of all, of course, there are those from Soviet and satellite countries. That *they* are free agents is a joke at best. Then there are the pro-Communists of other nations who have turned up on the staff. Investigations of pro-Communist Americans working there have also turned up a number of instances. But these people are not supposed, by actual regulation of the UN, to have any loyalties, so they remain protected in their marble foxholes.

UN: (Speaking again of staff members living in this strange land) "And so homesickness is not an unknown malady. Many services are rendered to effect a cure."

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US: Many services are indeed rendered to make the homesick employees feel at home. When I passed the employees' entertainment bulletin board, I noticed that it was boosting a bitterly anti-American play (one of those in which hysteria, injustice and persecution sweeps the land). *That* should make a lot of the staff members feel *right* at home.

UN: "I left the beautiful and efficient Headquarters Building with a warm feeling that this is truly "the people's house" in which resides the genuine hope, the firm faith and will, and the hard work for enduring peace and a better world."

US: As I left the building, chilled by its "people's" efficiency, I suddenly felt a new warmth as, in the sharply slanting sunlight I saw a cross atop a church steeple above the skyline of the city. And I knew that in that symbol still resides the genuine hope of the world, now and forever.

American Servicemen Abroad

» American servicemen abroad are subject to trial and imprisonment not only in NATO countries and Japan. Under the terms of executive agreements, *not approved by either House of Congress*, American servicemen can be tried and imprisoned under the laws of the following countries: Azores, Bermuda, Cuba, Egypt, French Morocco, Spain, Malta, Netherlands West Indies, Philippine Islands, Panama, and Saudi Arabia.

Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa introduced on February 25, 1955, a resolution (HJ Res. 236) which would require the Secretary of Defense to furnish to each member of the Armed Forces who is sent out of the United States, and to the next of kin, the following statement:

"As you embark from the United States in the service of your country, you are hereby put on notice, that for infractions of certain laws of the country in which you may be stationed, you may be arrested and brought to trial under procedures of a foreign court and before a foreign judge, and if found guilty you may be incarcerated in a foreign prison.

"You are further put on notice that, although you have taken an oath to support and defend the Constitution of the United States with your life if necessary, your rights as a citizen of the United States as guaranteed under the Constitution have been forfeited by virtue of treaties and agreements entered into with certain foreign governments, and under certain conditions the safeguards of the Constitution and laws of the United States are therefore no longer available to you."

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A Southerner Laughs at the North

BY SARAH LYNWOOD SLAY

HAVING read in certain Northern publications during the past few years various treatises on Conditions in the South, it occurred to me recently that there were probably Conditions in the North that would be very interesting to Southerners — if only someone would make a careful Survey. Since I could interest none of my acquaintances in making such a Survey, and since the need for one seemed more urgent every day, I finally undertook to make a trip through the North myself, with the intention of Interpreting Conditions.

As will be apparent as this Survey progresses, most of the Conditions in the North are exceedingly unfortunate. I myself have no idea what could be done to remedy them, but it is my hope that this article will show other writers that there is a wealth of unused material up North, awaiting their efforts. Some person may eventually devise a means of improving the situation.

I hardly know where to begin; but I suppose the logical place is with the first characteristic that one notices about Northern people. We have long known that Northerners, though somewhat similar in physical appearance, are a race quite different from us; but their complete lack of social graces must be simply incredible to one who has never observed them in their habitat. Their life is so pathetically lacking in the small niceties that we take for granted that I sometimes wonder why Northerners want to go on living at all.

For one thing, Northern men are not gentlemen. I am aware that that is a shockingly bald statement; but it is nevertheless a fact that Northern men do not remove their hats in elevators, do not rise or even take their feet off their desks when ladies enter their offices, do not give ladies their seats in streetcars, and are extremely careless about letting ladies precede them through doorways.

I feel, however, that the men are not entirely to be blamed in this; for, much as it grieves me to say so, the typical Northern woman is

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hardly what a Southerner thinks of as a Lady. She is so assured, so competent, and so efficient, that one cannot hold the men entirely responsible for unchivalrous conduct. But in fairness to Northern women, I must say that I think they are more to be pitied than censured.

I dislike to bring up such a thing, but it appears that Northern men, except among the very wealthy class, have some inherent incapacity that prevents most of them from being able to earn a sufficient living for their families. It is necessary that the wives work, too. So, in addition to being housewives, they must also be business women. It thus is scarcely any wonder that Northern women become competent and efficient.

A further result of this economic incapacity of Northern men is that very few Northern people can afford to have children. They have dogs, instead, of whom they are almost as fond as we are of our children. They are as particular about their dog's diet, his doctor, his manners, his airings as any conscientious young parents. Since so few Northern people have children, I never quite understood the source of the huge populations and of the large groups of children that one sees in all the parks, playgrounds, streets, and on the beaches. It is possible that Northerners import children from the overcrowded countries of Europe to replenish their stock.

I purposely omit here any mention of men's conduct in the subways. This Survey is only of general, normal and ordinary Conditions, and the behavior of both men and women in the subways, while quite general, is neither normal nor ordinary. I feel that a competent psychiatrist would be much better qualified than I to discuss the matter. Suffice it to say that, immediately on entering a subway station, a strange maniacal fury seizes each individual until he has completed his journey and emerged into the open again. He seems obsessed by a passionate desire to get it over with as quickly as possible. To achieve this end, he lets no obstacle, mortal or immortal, organic or inorganic, stand in his way. It seems to be a combination of a claustrophobic mania and a reversion to the animal law of the survival of the fittest.

But the discourtesies of the men are the smallest part of the general unmannerliness. Neither men nor women seem to have any regard for the sensibilities of other people. A group of friends will get on a train and each member will look for seats. When one finds a seat, he will lie across it to prevent anyone's taking it, and then will call at the top of his voice to the others that he has a seat. This necessity of taking physical possession of a found seat will seem strange to us who are used to being able to hold one by simply stating that it is being saved. I assure you, however, that it is a necessity.

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More than once I have seen a latecomer try to take a seat that is being saved. Then there is a struggle, sometimes physical, sometimes verbal; but with no discrimination as to sex. And meantime, perhaps a third person has taken the seat. By that time, a general melee is averted only by the arrival at their destination of the disputing parties.

NEXT TO unmannerliness, the most dominant characteristic of the Northerner is a constant unreasoning hurry. He has no conception of the art of graceful living, being eternally in a hurry to get somewhere; then, immediately that he is there, being in a hurry to get back again. He hurries to work, and he hurries home from work. He hurries along the sidewalk, and in his car he hurries along the street; so that it is almost impossible for a pedestrian to cross a street in safety. He is in a hurry to get to his lunch; he eats it in a hurry, and then hurries back to his work. And when he is not hurrying to anything, he still just hurries.

The Northerner's lack of grace and ease extends, of course, into all his commercial life. I could give numerous instances, but I shall limit myself to a brief discussion of one. I had the opportunity of visiting the Stock Exchange and it was an experience not soon to be forgotten. The Exchange is a place of pandemonium and bedlam. The building is sound-proof, which is very fortunate for the inhabitants of neighboring buildings. Coming suddenly upon it, the noise is like the roar of a Gulf hurricane.

There are some anterooms and offices in the building, but the exchanging of stocks is done in a huge gymnasium-like room which they call the "trading-floor," though whether the room has a floor in the literal sense one cannot be certain when looking down from the visitor's gallery; it is completely covered by weaving masses of men who may be standing on layers of other men for all one can tell. The Exchange uses thousands of concealed noise-makers to produce the hurricane roar, which for some reason is considered essential to business. Of course, any conversation is impossible, but the sellers and buyers have ingeniously developed a sign language by which they carry out transactions.

I do not like to make invidious comparisons, but when I think of the dignified quiet in which Southern gentlemen sit down with their juleps to reach a trade agreement, I cannot help thinking how much better for the nation it would be if such an atmosphere could prevail in the financial capital.

A great deal of my time in New York was spent in investigating Northern forms of Entertainment. My conclusion is that there is a great deal of room for Social Service work in this field, too. One outstanding Northern form of Enter-

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tainment is going to Night Clubs. All classes seem to do it. Night Clubs are places which serve food, of a sort, and drinks, also of a sort — at prices which would strain the credulity of my most trusting readers. If an establishment serves dinner for a price ranging up to five dollars, it is a Restaurant. From that price upward it is a Night Club.

In these Night Clubs, the Northerner disports himself with a most undignified hilarity. He performs gymnastic dances on the spur of the moment. He shouts to everyone in the room, particularly if the society editor or columnist of some newspaper is present. He speaks familiarly to the orchestra leader and the waiters, and appears quite pleased if these persons answer him by name.

THE BETTER CLASS of Northerners also amuse themselves with a sport they call Week-Ending. It is somewhat like visiting in one of our plantation homes, only the visit lasts just for a week-end and the host invites a group of people and tells them just when he wants them to leave. The guests never seem to be offended at being told when to go away. This is the only sort of visiting that Northerners do. They do not spend the day with each other or make nice month-long visits. And I am afraid there is not much visiting about this Week-Ending. It is just a constant state of being Entertained.

The host is expected to and does provide a number of standard Northern forms of Entertainment; bridge, poker, dice, dancing, cocktails and various forms of athletic activities. The guest is supposed to select the form of Entertainment he likes and to be always Entertained. If you just sit around and rest or even try to visit, it makes the host nervous and he will be certain that you are not enjoying yourself.

The guests do not necessarily know each other before the Week-End. The host may have invited a miscellaneous group who he thinks will like each other. The host himself may not know all the guests. He may have invited some acquaintance and asked him to bring some friend. I suspect that this happens more times than not, and I know it is often the reason for the Week-End; the friend of the acquaintance usually being some one whom the host wants to meet and make an impression on because he hopes the acquaintance's friend will help him in a business or financial way.

This brings me to the third outstanding characteristic of Northerners — an insatiable desire for Money. The money-urge may be a parent to the other two dominant traits. This craving for money goes far beyond that for a sufficient income on which to live gracefully. It goes to the point where the mere possession of Money becomes an end in itself and the basis of the Northern Social Structure.

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In the North there are not the distinctly-defined social groups as with us. The Social Structure in the North is much more complicated than that of the South. There are all sorts of in-between groups with no very clear distinction between them. The distinction that does exist is based mostly on the possession, or on the expectation of the possession, of Money, though some consideration is made for ability to obtain free publicity. They have what they consider an Aristocracy. That is, the most wealthy or the most widely publicized are considered the most aristocratic, and the least wealthy and the least well-known are the least aristocratic.

There is, too, a sort of Super-Aristocracy of extremely wealthy people. Its mark consists in having one's name registered in what they call the *Social Register*. This is a Stud-Book of the group. It is from the cream of the *Register* group that the cigarette and cosmetic manufacturers select endorsers of their products; so that a newly-wealthy family, although having achieved recognition by the *Register*, does not feel certain of itself until one of its members has been asked to endorse some nationally-advertised article.

NORTHERNERS, for some reason, are immensely impressed by the superlative degree of anything. Perhaps it is because of their perverted respect for Money, because Money is usually necessary to obtain a really good superlative. Terms such as the highest, the biggest, the quickest, the newest, the oldest, the most, the first, the only, mean a great deal to Northerners. Thus, New York takes financial pride in having the tallest building, and New Yorkers seem to have a particular esteem for height. Chicago boasts a great deal about having the largest playground in the world, and the building with the most floor space and plate glass. Bostonians will proudly tell you that Boston consumes more beans than any other city. And Philadelphians that their city has more statues to dead heroes.

I cannot bring this study to a close without saying something about Northern Housing Conditions, which are as unfortunate as other Conditions in the North. Most people, especially in New York City, live in large apartment houses. I mean the houses are large — not the apartments. At least the Northerners call them houses; they are really indistinguishable on the outside from business buildings, and on the inside from hotels, being set on the sidewalk touching each other and each having a doorman, a lobby, a phone clerk, and elevators. The apartments usually consist of one small room with one closet that holds a kitchen stove and another that contains a folding bed.

Some of the well-to-do people can afford two- and three-room apartments, and on the outskirts of town a few people even have real houses.

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But most of the houses are tiny and close together. One whole side of a street will have houses all exactly alike, so that the only way a person can tell which is his is to know the number of his house and begin at one end of the row and count down to his own. A person with a faulty memory for numbers has to go and look into each house until he finds his own. Even this is difficult, because all the houses have identical furnishings, and all the wives look very much alike.

ALONG with Housing conditions, I must mention another unfortunate Northern Condition: the lack of good cooks and hence the Northerner's complete ignorance of good food. One reason, perhaps, for the lack of good cooking is the Northern aversion to fresh foods of any kind — any food that does not come out of a tin can or a freezer is not thought fit for human consumption. This may be a product of the hurry urge; for prepared food is half-cooked, and has only to be warmed to be ready to serve. The Northerner feeds his dog canned dog-food, and his cat canned cat-food and his children canned children's food.

In reading over this Survey, I am painfully aware of its limitations. It is extremely superficial; and I have sometimes recorded astounding facts without giving any explanation. But let me plead in extenuation that I am blazing a trail in virgin soil. I am trying, first, to give a certain group of readers a study of a race of people of whom they have little knowledge; second, to point the way by which other writers may make more detailed Studies. My justification is that I am trying to attract the interest of scholars and sociologists to the plight of an unfortunate people who are, after all, Americans too.

Halt! Who Goes There?

Nudist delegates, from most of the countries of the world, attending their recent convention in Switzerland, adopted a resolution affirming that only nudism will put an end to all wars. The nudists contend that "if people wore no uniforms, they could not fight; as they would be unable to recognize friend from foe."

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VALOR IN VIRGINIA

By Ethel Hunt Trepte

RIDING swiftly along the quiet Virginia road, the line of red coated British cavalry, Colonel Benastre Tarleton leading, made a striking picture. Through a mass of white plumes, stirred by the motions of the horses, the burnished brass of Tarleton's helmet gleamed in the setting sun. His scarlet, gold-braided jacket, his white leather breeches, his polished boots, were impressive against the background of forest. Tarleton was in good spirits, pleased with the progress of his secret mission, which had left graves and charred timbers all the way from Richmond.

Jack Jouette, Jr., Captain in the Continental Army, saw the riders as they swept past a rural tavern. He dashed to his mare, mounted, and followed the British. Hidden in shrubbery, he watched them set fire to Louisa County Courthouse, burning it to the ground. He saw them capture a wagon train, taking ammunition and food to General Green. Then he heard Tarleton give orders for his troops to rest before proceeding to Charlottesville, where the State Assembly had established a temporary capital after its flight from Richmond in May.

Jack thought of Cornwallis' orders to Tarleton "to get the arch-traitors . . . for a noose awaits them in London." Governor Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, John Tyler and Benjamin Harrison were at Charlottesville with other Assembly members. Jack knew these men were the objects of Tarleton's raid. He had only a few hours in which to cover the 45 miles between the courthouse and Charlottesville, but he knew the terrain and turned his horse into a rough cross-country trail. Tarleton, unfamiliar with the area, would have to stay on the main roads.

Through trees and underbrush, Jack rode to Castle Hill, home of Dr. Thomas Walker, one of Virginia's patriots. He stopped long enough to warn Walker and to change horses. When Tarleton arrived later, Walker persuaded him to accept a sumptuous breakfast for himself and his men, prolonging the meal to give Jack as much time as possible.

Jouette raced through the village of Milton, shouting a warning, and later arrived at Monticello. Mud-spattered, bloody from his ride through the thick bush, he galloped his horse up the steps of the East Portico. Jefferson appeared at the door.

"The British, they're coming!" Jouette then rushed on to alert Charlottesville. The Assembly, despite his warning, met to name Staunton as their next gathering place. Due to this delay, seven were captured, but Jefferson and the other "arch-traitors" escaped. Jack had saved them from capture and from the noose that "waited in London."

Jack was one of four sons of Captain Jack Jouette, Sr., all of them captains in the Revolutionary Army. When the war ended, he took a prominent part in Virginia affairs, and, when Kentucky became a state, he represented Mercer County in the Legislature. He died in 1822 and was buried "somewhere in Kentucky," the location of the grave being unknown. Today, few have heard of his fearless ride to save the men whose capture might have ended the war for Independence.

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This Is What They Said

Whoever controls Alaska controls the world. GENERAL BILLY MITCHELL

Until my dying day, I will regret signing the United Nations Charter.
— SENATOR PAT MCCARRAN

We shall have World Government whether or not we like it. The only question is whether World Government will be achieved by conquest or consent. — JAMES P. WARBURG, on the floor of the U.S. Senate, Feb. 2, 1950

If this nation is ever destroyed, it will be from within, not from without.
— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Communist barbarian may have taken the knife out of his teeth to smile — but the knife itself is still in his fist.
— SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY (D-Mass.)

A bull may be dumb, but he understood the red flag long before the rest of the world did. — DAN BENNETT

Our enthusiasm for the right has cooled through indifference and false tolerance. — BISHOP F. J. SHEEN

Our threat is from the insidious forces working from within which have already so drastically altered the character of our free institutions.
— DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

India, although professing neutrality, is actually giving material aid to Communist Russia.—The American Legion National Convention Miami Oct. 1955

To inject more honesty into our politics, let us all follow the batting averages of our representatives in Congress . . . and select the best coaches, trainers and captains for both the Republican and Democratic teams . . . familiarize ourselves with the rules of the national and international game as laid down in our Constitution and Bill of Rights.
— GENERAL ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? — MATT., 7: 16

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When a **DOLLAR** *Bought a* **WATCH**

BY JOHN A. COX

A FEW years ago former President Herbert Hoover landed at the Delhi airport in India and was greeted by Mahatma Gandhi. They shook hands. Hoover looked at a big watch hanging from a string around Gandhi's neck. It was an Ingersoll dollar pocket watch.

Thereupon, Hoover promptly reached into his own pocket, so the story goes, and pulled out his own Ingersoll. The two men discovered right at the start of their meeting they had something in common. The incident gives testimony to the worldwide acceptance of the humblest of timepieces — the dollar watch.

So famous did the dollar watch become that Teddy Roosevelt, on a hunting expedition to Africa, wrote that he was recognized only as the man who came from "the land where Ingersolls were made." Henry Ford, pondering questions of interchangeability of auto parts, went to Waterbury, Connecticut, to study the Ingersoll methods.

Ingersoll has since gone out of business, but the dollar watch is still going strong.

The bulk of the dollar-type watches today are made in Connecticut where Ingraham, United States Time (which took over the old Ingersoll business) and the New Haven Clock Company have long had clock and watch factories. The fourth producer, Westclox, is in Illinois. Like so many other things in this day of rising prices, the rugged ticker now costs more, but it still competes with imported Swiss timepieces, swank wrist watches and fancy jeweled movements.

As with the Model "T" Ford, the dollar watch is an enduring symbol of bygone days. There is hardly a man in the country today who cannot recall owning a pocket watch in

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his youth. Tucked fondly away in his pocket, more often than not with a fancy leather fob dangling from it, the simple watch got him to and from school and guided him wherever he went. The timepiece represented but a small investment and, in return, offered the first real sense of security.

The non-jeweled pin lever watch is still the least expensive small mechanism for telling time. Its most appealing virtue lies in its seeming indestructibility.

Sportsmen have told how they dropped their watches into lakes, ponds and icy mountain streams. A Charleston, South Carolina, sailor was serving aboard a vessel which was torpedoed and sunk off Algiers in 1942. He clung to a small crate while he floated around in the oil and water for three hours. When he was rescued he found his watch still ticking.

Six days later he was aboard another ship which was torpedoed off Portugal. The compartment was flooded. When it was pumped dry, the sailor found his watch, which had been tied to his bunk. It still ran while expensive watches owned by his shipmates had stopped for good.

A Dorchester, Massachusetts, farmer lost his timepiece in the hay one summer. The following spring he saw his cow regurgitating something — the watch — and in fine working order! The cow stepped on it before he could pick it up. When he did it had stopped.

"I put it on my dresser that night intending to have it fixed the next day, but the next morning it was ticking away," he proudly reported.

Dozens of letters have come from owners whose watches went through the family wash. The following excerpt is typical: "When my wife washed my pants she forgot about the watch pocket and my Scotty got a 15-minute washing in the Bendix. To top it all off, before they could dry on the line, a terrific storm came up and it went through that." The owner said he shook out the water, gave it a shot of oil and it ran as well as ever.

THE RISE of the dollar watch and the career of Robert H. Ingersoll are sagas in the history of American enterprise.

The pocket watch was first devised by D. A. A. Buck, a Worcester jeweler, in 1877. It was shown to a group of Connecticut industrialists, who were immediately impressed. They founded the Waterbury Clock Company and began producing the timepiece.

The new contrivance was a boon. Low-income men who had never been able to afford a timepiece now bought Waterbury watches. Young boys got them for graduation and birthday presents. Merchants gave them away with each suit of clothes. The pocket watches worked and they were wanted.

But the early watch had a drawback. It had an eight-foot spring

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which took a tremendous amount of winding. Wagsters hailed the home town, "I'm from Waterbury — land of eternal spring."

The second impetus to the inexpensive watch came in 1890. Ingersoll, a Michigan farm boy who had come to New York and started a mail order business, was looking for a new line. He specialized in dollar novelty articles and thought of the watch.

He hurried to Waterbury, where Archibald Bannatyne had just devised a small clock in a watch case which wound from the back. The Waterbury Clock Company called this model their "Jumbo" for it was fully three inches in diameter and an inch thick. Ingersoll ordered 1,000 of the timepieces, paying 85 cents for each, and determined to prove he could sell them for a dollar and still make a profit.

With Waterbury Clock, he helped perfect a system of mass production of interchangeable parts. Ingersoll's foresight in that phase alone was borne out recently by two GI's stationed in England. One had an Ingraham watch and his buddy had a Westclox. Both had been broken during intensive training.

FROM the Westclox they took the mainspring and with a little doing fitted it into the Ingraham. The now hybrid watch ran perfectly and the two soldiers took turns carrying the timepiece. Oddly enough, Westclox and Ingraham are competitors and their factories are more than 1,000 miles apart.

While Ingersoll's company made its first sales effort through its own mail order catalogue, Ingersoll sought a larger volume to justify high-geared, uniform quality of production.

Though the public was doubtful of the quality of a watch that sold for a dollar, it attracted attention at the Chicago Century of Progress and its fame spread. Ingersoll came out with a guarantee and advertised it as "the watch that made the dollar famous."

Soon the Waterbury Clock Company was turning out 20,000 watches a day. About the same time, Westclox and New Haven Clock Company both entered the dollar pocket watch field.

In 1912, the E. Ingraham Company of Bristol, Connecticut, took over the Bannatyne watch. A few years later they introduced the nonbreakable crystal. Ingraham salesmen, to impress retailers, would calmly take out a dollar watch, put it on the floor and stand on it.

Ingersoll and Ingraham were keen competitors and carried on high-pressure advertising campaigns. When Ingersoll boosted their timepiece as "the watch that made the dollar famous," Ingraham lauded theirs as the "dollar watch." With threats of legal action filling the air, the two companies finally agreed that Ingersoll had popularized the cost and Ingraham thereafter listed

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their product with "price, one dollar."

The trend away from pocket watches began during World War I. Soldiers had difficulty fishing them out of the uniform pocket and the era of the wrist watch was ushered in.

The "Dollar Watch" industry, however, probably suffered its greatest setback in 1922. Ingersoll set up its own watch factory in New Jersey and shortly afterward went bankrupt. United States Time Corporation absorbed the Ingersoll name and marketing of the watch and made Ingersoll a division. In 1944 the official designation, USTime, was adopted for all their products. But during the 30-odd years of its existence, Ingersoll produced more than 75 million of the sturdy timepieces.

In 1929 another pocket watch firm was lost to the country when the Ansonia (Connecticut) Clock Company was sold to Amtorg. The Russian Trading Company promptly moved the machinery to Moscow and went into production.

SOMEWHERE along the line the Russians lost the knack and turned out quantities of watches that wouldn't run worth a ruble. A hand-picked crew from the former company went to Russia and tried to make some semblance of order out of the chaos. But they fared little better than the watches. They reportedly were paid half their salaries in dollars and half in rubles and finally gave up and came home.

Just why Americans turned their backs on the humble watch is problematical. Possibly in the old days people bought what they could afford, while today they purchase what appeals to them.

"After all," one industry member said, "wrist watches are more ornamental, constitute more of a display, and can be seen without all the exhausting effort of having to reach into one's pocket to ascertain the time of day."

The present clothing trend is away from vests and some suits and slacks no longer have watch pockets sewed in them. And in the days when the dollar watch was so popular there did not exist a small non-jeweled or really low-price wrist watch.

In the past 25 years, the country has produced over 134,212,000 non-jeweled pocket watches. Peak sales were in 1929, when nearly eight and one-half million were made. Ten years later the figure had dropped to six million, seven hundred odd thousand, but in 1941 it had climbed back to nearly eight million.

Then the watch companies "went to war" and used their know-how for timing devices and fuses instead of watches. The best post-war year was 1946, when more than six and one-half million "dollar-type" watches were produced, according to the U.S. Commerce Department figures.

Before the war, Ingraham made over 65 different models. Today it is concentrating on five.

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The biggest buyers are catalogue houses, drug and chain stores, with newsstands and tobacco shops running close behind. Older people are perhaps the best buyers but workmen — factory hands, miners, truck drivers and heavy construction men — require a rugged ticker like the "dollar watch." For it is less susceptible to vibration and when pocketed is protected from dust and dirt. Pocket watches today are streamlined and attractively packaged — a vast improvement over the old turnip affair devised by Bannatyne. But the inner workings are substantially the same.

Oddly enough, while the pin lever, dollar-type watch ranges between $1.98 and $3.50 in price, it is being produced more cheaply today than before the war.

The answer to "What's happened to the dollar watch?" lies in the riddle: "What's happened to the dollar?"

As for the watch itself, the sturdy timepiece is still ticking on. It has been jolted, jarred, slammed, banged, dropped in water, dunked in oil and lost in snow. But the dollar watch is still here — perhaps the most remarkable mechanism ever devised by man.

"An' I learned about women from 'er"

— *Rudyard Kipling*

The ten most interesting years of a woman's life are those between 39 and 40.

Dane County, Wisconsin, Supervisor Walter Simon turned down a chance to test the sheriff's new lie detector because "every man has a natural born lie detector — his wife."

Air Career School Head Grace Downs tells about the man who pleaded guilty in an auto accident with a woman driver. "I saw you coming two blocks away," he admitted, "I had ample time to dart down a side street."

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Sharpen Your Tongue

By J. E. SCHMIDT

Do you sometimes find yourself groping for a word — the one with "just the right shade of meaning?" You do? Good! This quiz is for you then. Select the right word for each of the following situations from the group of four choices. Allow yourself 10 points for each one you have right. Passing score is 60. Answers are on Page 8.

(1) The husband who is cruel to his wife may be called a beast or tyrant. But what word describes the husband who is excessively devoted to his wife? Is he: (A) uxorious, (B) usurious, (C) henpecked, (D) parsimonious?

★

(2) A design executed in relief, as on a gem, is called a "cameo." But a design cut below the level of the rest of the object is called an: (A) intaglio, (B) bas-relief, (C) basilisk, (D) bastinado.

★

(3) A question which is calculated to entrap or entangle is described as being: (A) capitular, (B) captivating, (C) canorous, (D) captious.

★

(4) Instead of saying that a girl is engaged, it is possible to express this thought by the romantic term: (A) betokened, (B) bemused, (C) betrothed, (D) burgeoned.

★

(5) A writing or discourse in praise of some act, thing or person is a: (A) panegyric, (B) pandemic, (C) pandora, (D) pandect.

(6) The opinion or belief that the world is becoming better and that man has the power to aid in this change is called: (A) meliorism, (B) atropism, (C) atavism, (D) nihilism.

★

(7) When you feel sympathy or sorrow for the misfortunes of your friend, your feelings may be described as "commiseration." But when you feel happy at your friend's good fortune, your feelings may be called: (A) concinnity, (B) confelicity, (C) obduracy, (D) sang-froid.

★

(8) A child whose mental development lags behind others of his age is "retarded." But how about the child who is ahead of the others? Is he: (A) fatuous, (B) inclement, (C) fledged, (D) precocious?

★

(9) To stimulate or impel to action is to: (A) adduct, (B) pronate, (C) actuate, (D) predicate.

★

(10) To regard something or someone as unworthy, or beneath one's dignity or station, is to: (A) disburse, (B) disfavor, (C) disdain, (D) dislimn.

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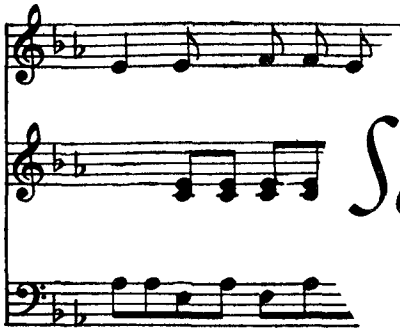

Sound Off!

BY AL BALK

THE SOLDIERS looked happy — this was strange because they were marching and troops aren't supposed to like marching. But L Company of the 33rd Infantry Regiment was not only liking it — it was chanting, advertising it.

I got a girl who's ten feet tall.
Head in the kitchen and feet in the hall.
SOUND OFF. SOUND OFF.
One, two, three, four,
One, two, three, four!

It was the familiar "Sound off" chant heard in drill camps around the nation, in the movie *Battleground*, and even in cigarette commercials on radio and TV. It's become an Army trademark, a top morale-booster, and has even been cited by Presidents and Generals as "a real contribution to our military's welfare." And L Company was champion of the Army's 1955 Sound-Off Cadence Contest.

But when did it begin? How? And who started it? Few persons know — and the Army's reluctant to single out an originator. But the birth date seems to have been 1943 at Camp Barkley, Texas.

Drilling a sad-sack platoon of recruits was an ample Army sergeant, Herman Jackson of South Bend, Indiana. It seemed few sergeants had more men with two left feet and ears deaf to commands.

Jackson, called "Big Train" because he liked jive, was stumped. His chin sagged lower than an untied boot-lace, until one night at the post club. The music was hot. And there were most of his recruits — dancing. Not clumsily, but gracefully, and right on the beat.

"Maybe Hup, Hoop, Thrip. Foah isn't enough to get these boys marching," thought Jackson. "Anyhow, they can't be too bad with all that Bojangles blood in 'em."

Thus was born the idea of a marching chant, the "sound off" cadence with the mythical "Jody" as the hero — or heroine:

If Jody's only four feet three,
Then that li'l gal belongs to me.
But if that Jody's six feet tall,
I ain't gone mess with her at all.

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SOUND OFF. SOUND OFF.
One, two, three, four,
One, two, three, four!

Jackson shuffled the syllables and bent the beat until he had his fledglings setting the hottest pace on post. For 17 straight weeks his problem children won platoon honors.

Army chow is such a mess,
They send the cooks to OCS.

Soon men in the ranks made up rhymes on the march.

Peas and beans and burned-up stew,
That's the most they'll serve to you.

There seemed no end to the variations, and with every man in the Army a potential poet, "alternate" beats were invented.

The sergeant rides in a jeep,
The lieutenant rides in a truck,
The colonel rides in a limousine,
But we're just out of luck.
Am I right or wrong?
YOU'RE RIGHT!
Am I right or wrong?
YOU'RE RIGHT!

SOUND OFF. SOUND OFF.
One, two, three, four,
One, two, three, four!

The Jody cadence proved to be one of the popular parts of basic training, and Jackson himself a drillmaster in demand. He was sent to Texas Military Institute to teach cadets to march, and was personally commended in writing by such celebrities as General Jonathan M. Wainwright and then President Harry S. Truman.

"I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful nation," wrote Truman.

The good-natured Negro career sergeant, now a gym supervisor at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, was modest about his success. But probably his best drill team was formed in 1947 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Those protégés marched in the Cotton Bowl, performed three times for Senatorial groups, and toured the Eighth Air Force Command on personal invitation of General Roger Ramey.

A friend of Count Basie and other swing-band leaders, Jackson showed his first interest in marching as an assistant scoutmaster in South Bend, but it's not his only interest. He's a licensed baseball, football and basketball official. And he umpired the 1952 GI World Series in Europe. His rotund, smiling face then was stern — though his eyes sparkled — as he put his 200-plus pounds behind "Stee-rike three."

It's difficult to pick out the best-known Jody lyric. Possibly it's this old stand-by:

You had a good home when you left.
YOU'RE RIGHT!
You had a good home when you left.
YOU'RE RIGHT!
Jody was here when you left.
YOU'RE RIGHT!
Jody was here when you left.
YOU'RE RIGHT!

And then into the "Sound-off" portion.

But any soldier or ex-soldier can

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burst into other verses at the drop of a step, such as:

Ain't no use in lookin' round,
Ain't no discharge on the ground.

Eventually, though, the discharge is there. And Jody's "Sound Off" makes the interim a lot more pleasant.

Answers for "SHARPEN YOUR TONGUE"

(*Questions are on Page 78*)

(1) A — UXORIOUS, from the Latin *uxor* (wife). Example: "Her uxorious husband did all the housework."

(2) A — INTAGLIO, from the Italian *intagliare* (to cut in). Example: "Intaglios were cut in onyx by master craftsmen."

(3) D — CAPTIOUS, from the Latin *capere* (to take). Example: "During court interrogations, lawyers are apt to ask captious questions." The term also describes the tendency to find fault, as in "captious old age."

(4) C — BETROTHED, from the Anglo-Saxon *be* (to make) and *treowth* (faith). Example: "He became betrothed to a childhood sweetheart."

(5) A — PANEGYRIC, from the Greek *pan* (all) and *agyris* (an assembly), in allusion to public assembly places where eulogies were uttered. Example: "Each act was introduced by a lengthy and superfluous panegyric."

(6) A — MELIORISM, from the Latin *melior* (better).

(7) B — CONFELICITY, from the Latin *con* (with) and *felicitas* (happiness).

(8) D — PRECOCIOUS. This means literally "cooked before," from the Latin *prae* (before) and *coquere* (to cook). In other words, "developed especially early."

(9) C — ACTUATE, from the Latin *actuare* (to act). Example: "The fear of insecurity often actuates the practice of saving."

(10) C — DISDAIN, from the Latin *dis* (not) and *dignare* (to deign). It is roughly synonymous with "despise" and "scorn" and implies the elements of haughtiness and pride.

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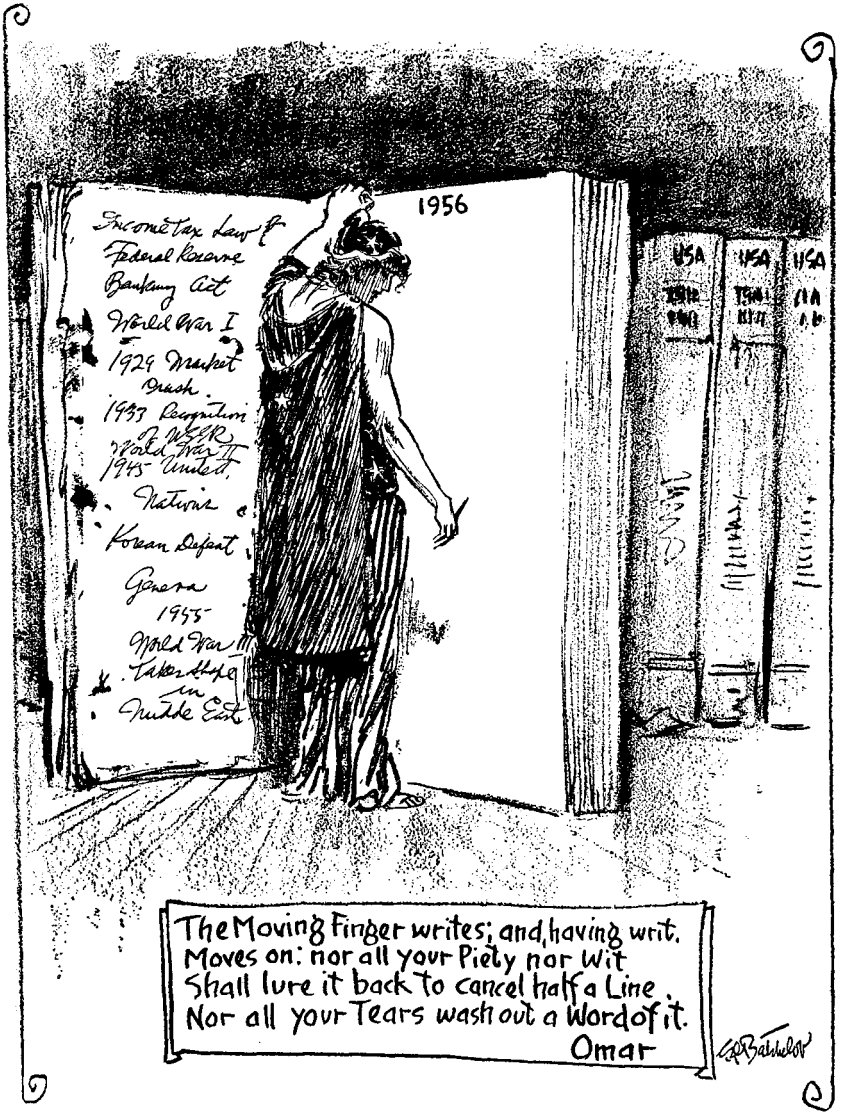
C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



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In the MERCURY'S Opinion —

By Russell Maguire

As we start a new year, may God forgive us for standing silently by while the following events took place within our life-time.

1913 Congress passed the first income tax law.
1913 Congress passed the Federal Reserve Banking Act.
1917 The United States entered World War I.
1919 The United States took part in the Paris Peace Conference.
1924 The American people endorsed Warren G. Harding and his "return to normalcy."
1929 The Stock Market crash.
1931 The United States signed the Non-Aggression Pact.
1933 The United States recognized Communist Russia.
1933 Congress passed National Recovery Act (NRA).
1936 Roosevelt attempted to "pack" the Supreme Court.
1940 Congress passed the Embargo Act against Japan.
1941 Congress passed the Neutrality and the Lend Lease Acts.
1941 The United States entered World War II.
1944 Roosevelt ran for a fourth term and was elected.
1945 The United States joined in establishing the UN.
1946 The United States took part in the Nuremberg "War Crime" trials.
1946 Construction of UN Headquarters Building started in New York.
1950 The United States entered the Korean War.
1953 The United Nations signed the Korean Armistice.
1955 The United States takes part in the Geneva Conference.
1955 World War III takes shape in the Middle East.

Many of the events listed above were foretold in a book called *Philip Dru, Administrator*. It was written in 1912 by Colonel Edward Mandel House, intimate advisor and political confidante of Woodrow Wilson.

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Are Neighbors Necessary?

By Della T. Lutes

A GOOD NEIGHBOR, as the term was understood in the days when as a little girl I lived on a farm in Southern Michigan, meant all that nowadays is combined in corner store, telephone, daily newspaper, and radio. But your neighbor was also your conscience. You had to behave yourself on account of what the neighbors would think.

A good neighbor knew everything there was to know about you — and liked you anyway. He never let you down — as long as you deserved his good opinion. Even when you failed in that, if you were in trouble he would come to your rescue. If one of the family was taken sick in the night, you ran over to the neighbors' to get some one to sit up until the doctor arrived. Only instead of sending for

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the doctor, you went for him. Or one of the neighbors did.

The Bouldrys were that kind of neighbors. Lem Bouldry was a good farmer and a good provider. Mis' Bouldry kept a hired girl and Lem had two men the year round. They even had a piano, while the most the other neighbors boasted was an organ or a melodeon. Mis' Bouldry changed her dress every afternoon (my mother did too; she said she thought more of herself when she did), and they kept the front yard mowed.

But the Covells were just the opposite — the most shiftless family the Lord ever let set foot on land. How they got along my father said he didn't know, unless it was by the grace of God. Covell himself was ten years younger than my father, yet everybody called him "Old Covell." His face and hands were like sole leather and if his hair had ever been washed, it was only when he got caught in a rainstorm. Father said Old Covell would borrow the shirt off your back, then bring it around to have it mended; Mother said, well, one thing certain, he wouldn't bring it around to be washed.

Yet the time Mis' Covell almost died with the last baby — and the baby did die — Mis' Bouldry took care of her; took care of the rest of the children too — four of them. She stayed right there in the Covell house, just going home to catch a little sleep now and then. She had to do that, for there wasn't so much as an extra sheet in the house, much less an extra bed. And Mis' Bouldry wasn't afraid to use her hands even if she did keep a hired girl — she did all the Covells' washing herself.

But even Old Covell, despite his shiftlessness, was a good neighbor in one way: he was a master hand at laying out the dead. Of course, he wasn't worth a cent to sit up with the sick, for if it was Summer he'd go outside to smoke his pipe and sleep; and if it was Winter he'd go into the kitchen and stick his feet in the oven to warm them and go to sleep there. But a dead man seemed to rouse some kind of pride and responsibility in him. There was no real undertaker nearer than ten miles, and often the roads were impassable. Folks sent for my mother when a child or a woman died, but Old Covell handled all the men. Though he never wore a necktie himself, he kept on hand a supply of celluloid collars and little black bow ties for the dead. When he had a body to lay out, he'd call for the deceased's best pants and object strenuously if he found a hole in the socks. Next, he'd polish the boots and put on a white shirt and fasten one of his black ties to the collar button. All in all, it would be a masterly job.

Of course, nobody paid Old Covell for this. Nobody ever thought of paying for just being neighborly. If anybody had even

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offered to, they'd have been snubbed for fair. It was just the way everybody did in those half-forgotten times. Yet nowadays if I want a peony transplanted, I wouldn't think of asking the man next door, even though he's got a flower garden too. I'd hire a man down the street who does odd jobs. I'd pay him fifty cents, and he'd expect it. . . .

DON'T THINK, however, that these old-time neighbors never found fault with each other, for they did. But the neighborhood was a close-woven fabric, impervious to the occasional barb of dissatisfaction. For example, when our berries were ripe the Covell young ones would come along with a tin pail and say Ma'd sent them over to ask if they could pick some. Now my father would hardly let even mother step into the sacred precincts of his garden, much less a Covell. So, of course, he would pick the berries himself.

"Why in Tunket don't you go and pick wild ones?" he once exploded. "The medder's full of 'em."

"Ma says they're too small," the eldest volunteered readily. "She says it takes too long to hull 'em."

"I'll be tarnation dinged," he later stormed at my mother, "if I'm goin' to work my head off to help support a good-for-nothin' crew like Old Covell's! Why can't he get out and dig, same's the rest of us? If I had my way —"

But whatever his way would have been, nothing changed the Covells, and as long as I can remember, the neighbors took care of them.

Of course, there were times when there was nothing a neighbor could do except just to be around. Yet it seems to me the old-time neighbors far excelled us in the way they had of "being around" at a time of tragedy. They knew when to say the right thing and when to say nothing; there was strength in their presence. Like the time Mr. Preston was killed by a bull.

We were at breakfast when the hired man came tearing along on horseback. "Preston's been gored," he said. "He's dead." And he rode on. My father pushed back his chair and looked at my mother. His face was gray and his hands trembled. "I'll hitch up," he said. When my mother stood up she put her hands on the table and leaned on it. Then she went to change her dress.

When we got there, Mis' Preston was sitting out on the stoop. Father went into the room where the men had carried Mr. Preston. My mother went up to Mis' Preston and sat down beside her. Mis' Preston reached out and took Mother's hand. My mother put her arm around her, but didn't say anything. Pretty soon Mis' Preston put her head on Mother's shoulder. I had to turn away.

One day, some months later, Mis' Preston came to our house. "Miry,"

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she said, "as long as I live I'll never forget the way you came and sat down by me. When you were with me it seemed as if I was *getting hold again.*"

"There wasn't anything I could *do*," said my mother miserably.

"I didn't need anything *done*," Mis' Preston said gently. "I just wanted somebody there — that cared."

Of course the other neighbors did things too, that time. Mis' Bouldry took over her crepe veil and black gloves she had when her mother died, and Mis' Simpson cut every one of her hundreds of beautiful day lilies for the funeral. Those for whom there was nothing to do, like my mother, were just there.

NEIGHBORLINESS, in those days, was also an important part of the American economic system. When it came haying or harvesting time, the men exchanged work and the women helped each other. When the thrashers were at Bouldry's, my mother would cook a batch of fried cakes or a pan of beans and take them over. My father would be there helping Lem and we'd all stay to supper. My father always butchered two or three hogs in the Fall and Lem Bouldry would come over to help. Old Man Covell would be there too, and Stib Obart, who did the killing. Then, when the hogs were cut up, my father would take some of the meat to each of them. When they butchered, they would bring some to us.

It seems to me there was greater dignity as well as greater warmth to the way we lived then than there is in the way we live now. Everybody, in fact, worked. It was, after all, the neighborhood that cleared the land, built homes, churches and schools, and advanced a civilization into an open prairie. Each home was a unit in itself, but only as it was fostered and upheld by others.

No longer is this true. Homes are more self-sufficient; whatever resources they lack are found around the corner by public offering. We shall never again have to depend on Old Covell to lay out our dead; the mortician will do that much more skillfully. We are no longer called upon to sit up with the sick. They are taken to the hospital, where even the best of neighborly care is exceeded by competence and training. And so it goes throughout a hundred incidents in the course of daily life.

Perhaps we would not have it otherwise. All that we could, in reason, hope to conserve would be the spirit of old-time neighborliness — the readiness to stand by and help. The necessity for that spirit is as great now as ever. Primitive need created neighborliness in pioneer days; intelligent recognition of its value should revive it now.

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Know YOUR COUNTRY

Its Institutions and Its Enemies

$500 in Cash Prizes for the Right Answers

First Prize — $250 Second Prize — $150
Third Prize — $75 Fourth Prize — $25

By Gardner Osborn

1. When the leaders of the Constitutional Congress, in Philadelphia, were trying to write our Constitution and there were differences, what did Benjamin Franklin suggest?

2. How many witnesses invoked the Fifth Amendment before Congressional Committees in 1953?

3. In what war did the men of the United States fight between 1866 and 1913?

4. In how many wars have the men of the United States fought since 1913?

5. Who is the "elder statesman" who advised Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower?

6. In what year did the Continental Congress vote an expenditure of $300,000 to purchase Bibles to be distributed? In what year did the "selected" Supreme Court rule that the Bible cannot be taught in our public schools?

7. In what year did the Supreme Court rule that individuals could avoid answering questions by invoking the Fifth Amendment?

8. What is the Constitutional Amendment which gives suffrage to women and in what year was it proclaimed?

9. What leading British scientist had access to our atomic secrets and gave them to Russia?

10. What Amendment is now before Congress which provides that no President can make treaties or involve us in war without consent of Congress?

11. What are the four most outstanding National Monuments?

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12. What is written on the roof of our Congress and on our coins?

13. Did Russia's Molotov marry an American girl, and what is her name and original home address?

14. In what year was the Declaration of Independence signed and in what city?

15. What two spies were executed for treason in 1954?

16. On what day of the year was Memorial Day first officially observed?

17. In June 29, 1943, Military Intelligence, under the direction of Colonel Boris T. Pash, forwarded to the Pentagon specific recommendations to get rid of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. On April 30, 1954, Pash revealed for the first time that orders had been received to stop the investigation. Who issued these orders?

18. How many people, military and civilian, died as a result of World War II?

19. Whom did Molotov visit on his recent trip to the United States? Did he see President Eisenhower?

20. List five large American companies who gave the Institute of Pacific Relations $100,000 or more. Was this tax deductible money?

21. Our Constitution authorizes that only one government agency issue money. What is this agency?

22. What Constitutional Amendment affecting private income tax is currently being considered by State Legislatures? How many states have already passed it?

23. What Supreme Court Justice came to testify on Alger Hiss' character and walked over to Hiss in the courtroom and shook his hand?

24. About how many people are in this country illegally?

25. Is the Institute of Advanced Studies of Princeton a part of Princeton University? Who put up the majority of the capital to support it?

26. What corporation had capital of 147 million dollars in 1913, and now has capital of 45 billion dollars ($45,000,000,000)?

27. Do each of our various states have a state militia, and do they operate as before World War II?

28. Who sat between Roosevelt and Stalin at Yalta?

29. Who represented the United States at Dumbarton Oaks?

30. Write in 250 words or less why you feel that the answers to the preceding questions are important to you and to your country.

Please address all entries to *Contest Editor*, AMERICAN MERCURY, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York
Contest closes midnight, Tuesday, January 31, 1956

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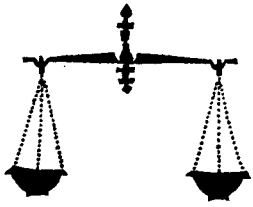
Ordeal by TORTURE

BY JOE P. FAULKNER



THE BEAUTIFUL young wife suspected of infidelity approached the huge vat filled with oil "heated until it bubbles." Her accusing husband and community officials solemnly watched as she plunged her arm up to the elbow into the fiery liquid and withdrew it for inspection.

A burn or blister, she knew, would mean irrevocable conviction, followed by her mandatory execution by members of her own family. No evidence of injury would mean a verdict of not guilty.

Not far distant another trembling temptress, also charged with adultery, awaited her trial, identical except for the substitution of a caldron of molten lead for the steaming oil. Such Trials by Ordeal were based on the theory that, because of the prescribed ritualistic ceremonies which always preceded them, no ill effects could befall the innocent.

Sir William Blackstone, British jurist regarded as father of modern law, declared such primitive forms of "testing the truth of accusation" were at one time "universal." For centuries they were *legalized* in England, France and other countries, and practiced in this nation up to and following the Civil War. Some variations still exist in remote Asiatic areas.

Ordeals by Fire, by Water, by

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Poison and by Balance were Hindu favorites.

The Ordeal by Poison was simple. The judge produced a jug of white arsenic mixed with melted butter, and invited the person on trial to drink heartily. The defendant was guilty if he dropped dead. If able to stagger home and survive three days he was adjudged innocent and all concerned expressed profound regret for his slight inconvenience.

Some African tribes believed no important person could die naturally. When a chieftain shuffled off to join his ancestors, some hapless hooligan was run down and accused of "bewitching" the departed. He was forced to gulp down a bowl of *nboundon*, a deadly concoction that helped considerably to thin the population.

An Indian version of the trial by poison didn't require a suspect to swallow anything except possible hopes of survival. Blindfolded he had to stick his arm down the narrow neck of an earthen jar to retrieve a small coin. This was made a little risky by a hooded cobra stuffed in on top of the coin. If the venomous snake sampled the jostling arm, the man was guilty. If not, the terrified defendant was free to push his eyeballs back into place and set a new speed record to his home.

Mere accusation forced anyone to undergo an Ordeal. Refusal constituted acknowledgment of guilt. If the accused died before his scheduled trial his nearest relative was substituted. Verdicts were incontestable. Appeals would have been superfluous in most cases anyway, as penalties were usually imposed and executed during the very procedure to determine if they were deserved.

In one Ordeal by Fire the accused was blindfolded and forced to walk, sometimes backward, through eight large, adjoining circles. In his hands, tied behind him, he carried an eight-inch iron bar "heated until it sparkles." The judge, no fool he, used tongs to plop this sizzling bar into the defendant's hands. If the red-hot burden were dropped along the way, butterfingers had to return to the first circle and start all over. When he reached the last circle he had to throw the bar onto a pile of straw and it had to be still hot enough to set the straw on fire. No hand burns: not guilty.

The Ordeal by Fire in Burma and Cambodia compelled both accused and accuser to walk slowly over "glowing coals of pipal wood" piled in a ditch. The one with the worst burned feet was condemned. If neither had seared soles the trial was repeated. Someone *just had to be* guilty.

The Hindus added two refinements to this trial by hot foot. They had strong-muscled slaves pace the pit's edges and push down on the defendant's shoulders, just to make sure they received full benefit of the smoking embers.

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Carnival atmospheres prevailed at most Ordeals. Excited spectators scurried about making bets on results, and judges tore into choice food and drink, ironically provided by the defendants.

It seems that certain groups regarded the fire pits as uncivilized. Instead they forced defendants to lick red-hot stoves three times without showing pain or sustaining injury. Or sometimes a judge would grasp the tip of a defendant's tongue, yank it out as far as possible, and stroke it three times with a piping-hot spoon.

Occasionally a person on trial escaped conviction. Records show that one alluring Egyptian belle accused of playing house away from home licked a hot spoon without injury. It was rumored that the shifty-eyed Sheikh who presided at her trial considered possible future personal dalliances and failed to heat the spoon to the same Fahrenheit as that of his own burning passion.

Her acquittal automatically condemned her accuser. But while preparations were made to eliminate him from local tax rolls, the man he had named as the sinning siren's partner suddenly admitted everything, thereby exonerating the stool pigeon.

The errant beauty escaped death when, immediately upon being declared innocent, she judiciously hailed a fast camel for the other side of the Sahara. Under existing laws her lover wasn't liable, so old blabbermouth also went free — although the babe's enraged husband probably tracked him down and threw him into the Nile.

India's Ordeal by Balance was an absurd trial at which the accused was weighed, tossed into a river with his clothes on and re-weighed. If, with his clothing sopping wet, he weighed more than before, he was guilty.

One form of the Hindus' Ordeal by Water called for the accuser and the accused to swim across a river with strong rapids. The survivor won the case. If both made the opposite shore, they swam *against* the currents until one yelled Uncle Neptune.

When more than one person was suspected of a crime in Siam, Burma, Cambodia and Laos, all were frequently hurled into a river, the banks of which were studded with men armed with clubs. The first head that popped up was bashed in, and everyone went home.

An accused sorcerer in Babylonia or Assyria was tossed into the nearest treacherous river. If he splashed to safety he was not guilty. If "seized by the river god," his accuser inherited all his possessions, including his wife.

It was permissible to hire a proxy to undergo an Ordeal, if such an idiot could be found. They weren't found very often among the Hindus. Not when the defendant had to prove his innocence by *wading* across a small river containing two hungry

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crocodiles — or by *swimming* across a deeper one swarming with the long-jawed reptiles.

A Hindu charged with theft was blindfolded and told to reach into a jar in which had been dropped two cloths — one white, one black. If he plucked out the white one, he was free. If he pulled out the black cloth, whether he was a thief or not, it was highly advisable to start running like one.

At the ludicrous Oriental Ordeal by Dream the judge listened to evidence, rolled over and went to sleep. Upon awakening he pronounced the verdict as he had dreamed it.

Defendants at the Ordeal by Nail sat down while the judge hypnotized them with bedeviling exorcisms, then drove a nail into the ground and firmly asserted that the guilty person had been "securely restrained" from arising. There was usually one too dopey to get up.

In France, Theotberge, wife of King Lothaire, was accused of a high crime and ordered to thrust her arm in a kettle of boiling water. A substitute managed to clear her.

In Germany, Spain, Hungary, Italy, Denmark and Scotland one form of the Ordeal by Fire required defendants to carry live coals in their shirts or bosoms.

England's most exciting form of trial was the Ordeal by Battle. Accused and accuser were equipped with swords, lances, daggers or axes and told to go to work on each other. The one who killed his adversary was innocent.

The Ordeal by Bier, practiced in this country, was based on the belief that a corpse of a murder victim would "name the killer" by smiling, twitching or turning over upon physical contact with the guilty person.

In 1868 in Verdierville, Virginia, a suspected murderer was made to touch the body of a slain woman. A year later, in Lebanon, Illinois, the remains of two murdered persons were exhumed and 200 persons forced to file by and touch them.

A prisoner in New York, in 1824, admitted guilt rather than touch the body of a murdered woman. Later in his cell he repudiated the confession, but his "conviction" stood.

Siam, now Thailand, was the home of the most horrible of all barbaric trials — the Ordeal by Tiger. The accused was thrown into a cage with a wild Bengal tiger. If slashed to ribbons he was guilty.

On double-feature days both accused and accuser were locked in the cage. If the ferocious cat dined on only one, the other was freed. If the tiger were real hungry, the accused was considered convicted, and his accuser was adjudged guilty of accusing him falsely.

Figuring out that one is quite an Ordeal itself.

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IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

▶ A British and a Russian diplomat got together privately to see if they couldn't reach some sort of an agreement. In order to discuss big issues in detail, the Russian brought along his personal interpreter. All went well, and there seemed to be a basis for mutual agreement. "I must first consult with my government," said the Englishman after the third meeting, "but I beg of you — not a word must leak out prematurely of our conversations."

"Don't worry about that," replied the Russian. "We've already liquidated the interpreter."

▶ East German Red leader Ulbricht summoned officials of the railroad administration. "You've got to do something about those trains that are always late," he thundered.

"But we have done something," alibied one of the railroad men. "We've worked out new timetables and we're offering awards to engineers who bring their engines in on time."

"Rot," barked Ulbricht. "There's just one thing that'll work — build more waiting rooms!"

▶ One Hungarian said to another: "I hear our friend Smolnar has been given only a few days to live."

"By his doctor?"

"No, by the Politburo."

▶ A Communist deputy approached a conservative member of the French Senate and showed him a special edition of the works of Karl Marx, printed in Braille. "These are for the blind," he explained.

"Monsieur," replied the Senator, "*All* the works of Marx are for the blind."

▶ In honor of the Bolshevik Revolution's 34th anniversary two hundred pigs at a collective farm in East Latvia got a new sty. The announcement of the building was made with great fanfare. —PAUL STEINER

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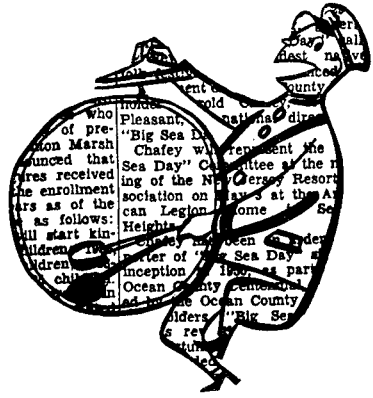
How to Read Your Newspaper



By Robert W. Wells

A FRIEND of mine dropped around the other day, highly indignant because "the newspapers" had said six months ago that a certain road was going to be paved and it hasn't been.

"Can't believe a thing you read in 'em," he told me.

After fifteen years in the business, I'm getting tired of such remarks. What's more, I'm convinced that one fundamental reason for them is that most Americans don't know how to read their newspapers. Some of them believe too little of what they read. A lot of them believe too much. And almost all of them — if my own friends and acquaintances and the strangers who telephone me are any criterion — read the papers so haphazardly and uncritically that they aren't getting their full nickel's worth before the sheets are used to wrap up yesterday's chicken bones.

Let's consider my neighbor's complaint about the road. He was under several misapprehensions, all of them typical. In the first place, "the newspapers" hadn't said the road would be paved. The item had appeared only in one, a small suburban weekly not noted for its thoroughness. Secondly, the paper hadn't made the prediction on its own. It had quoted a county highway commissioner, a fellow who should have been in a position to know. And finally, the commissioner had qualified his remark with the phrase, duly reported, "if the board appropriates the money." If my friend had read the follow-up story he would have known that the county board turned the request down.

Errors in reading items like this may not matter much. The thing that bothers me is that a lot of newspaper readers make the same mistakes in evaluating more important stories — ones dealing with matters that may have a major bearing on them, on their community and maybe, in these times, on civilization.

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I keep running into people who seem otherwise intelligent but who go blithely along accepting written fact as fantasy and fantasy as fact. And the sad truth is that for the same amount of time and energy they now spend with their dailies they could, by a fairly simple change in the way they look at things, be a lot more adequately informed.

THE FIRST step is to settle on a newspaper you can trust. Or, even better, pick two of them, preferably two with divergent views. All papers — even the worst ones — are accurate most of the time. All papers — including the most prejudiced — try to be unbiased in most stories they print. But some are more accurate more often. Some are more conscientious and thorough. Some are less apt than others to allow editorial bias to creep off the editorial page, where it belongs, and twist the news columns.

In some cities, of course, you don't have a choice. There is only one newspaper, good or bad. But read it critically. Even if you consider it the best newspaper in the history of mankind, read it critically. And remember that the first problem in evaluating any news story, simple or complex, is to separate the fact from the opinion. Elementary, you say? Perhaps. But too few readers do it. Let's take an example:

> ANONYMOUS, NEB., Sept. 12 — A fire described by Police Chief Karl Miller as of incendiary origin swept through the Smith Hardware Store on Main St. this morning. Volunteer Fire Chief Herman Houlehen estimated the damage at $28,000. Horace Smith, the owner, said that his stock, which was only partly covered by insurance, is a total loss.

Now that's a clear-cut story. No politics involved. No controversy apparent. But how much is fact? Let's break it down.

It's safe to assume that there was a fire and that the Smith Hardware Store was involved. It's conceivable, I suppose, that a reporter could have mixed up these elementary matters, but hardly likely. But when you read a story like this and file away the other "facts" in your mind, be sure you include the qualifying clues.

Was the damage $28,000? Perhaps, but that's only Houlehen's opinion. He is not, the story makes clear, a full time fire specialist. Even if he were, such curbstone judgments, often given before the smoke has died down, are subject to considerable revision.

Is the stock a total loss? Smith says so. But you should remember that Smith is not an objective witness. Maybe he's thinking of the insurance adjustor. Maybe he has a fire sale in mind. Maybe he's just a born pessimist.

Was the fire of incendiary origin? Chief Miller thinks so. But it's opinion, not fact.

A person who read this simple story uncritically and then learned later that the fire really damaged

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only part of the stock and the loss amounted to merely $15,000, might say: "Boy, that shows you can't believe anything you read in the papers." But all it really shows is that he didn't separate the fact from opinion in the first place.

Why, then, does the newspaper not stick strictly to provable facts? Well, for one thing, they're often hard to come by and for another the fellow who wrote the story is giving you some credit for common sense. He's said plainly that the $28,000 damage was an estimate and told you who did the estimating. He's quoted the owner. Like the fire chief and the police chief, Smith has certain qualifications for an opinion in the matter, and one that may be accurate. If you read the paragraph critically, as you should, you'll know that part of it is fact, plain for anyone to see. The rest is opinion or the sort of "fact" that is subject to change when more evidence is in.

LET'S TAKE a more complicated example. Professor Jones, who has a fine reputation, a string of degrees and has always made sense before, gets up at a public gathering and declares flatly that black is white. The newspaper reporter snaps awake, jots down the quote and maybe, if he's conscientious, goes up to Jones later and asks: "Did I hear you correctly?" Jones says "yes" and what's more he has some allegedly scientific reasons to explain why he thinks he's right.

What, then, does the reporter do? Does he say: "But that's silly, everybody knows that white is white and black is black and this guy's off his rocker?" Probably. Does he then file the story in the wastebasket? Maybe not, and for several reasons.

Perhaps the readers have a right to know that the prof is making remarks like that. Perhaps, judging from his past performance, Jonesey is known to be something more than just another crackpot. And most important, perhaps there is the bare possibility that the prof really has something. Maybe black really is white, past opinion notwithstanding. After all, space is curved and time is relative and you can snatch Jackie Gleason and a dozen chorus girls out of thin air with an assortment of wires and tubes.

But remember, when the paper tells you what Jones said, you don't have to believe a syllable. You don't have to believe it, either, when a Congressman says all the opposition leaders beat their mothers. Or when Casey Stengel says the Yanks are a cinch. Or when an economic expert says there's going to be a boom or a bust.

The reporter who wrote it may not believe it either. But he's giving you a chance to make up your own mind. And in evaluating the opinions and the facts (especially the former that try to masquerade as the latter) there are several guideposts to look for in the newspaper.

1. Who is doing the talking? Is

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it the reporter, presenting the facts as he sees them? He's probably trying to do a conscientious job, but don't expect him to be omniscient. Is it a source who is willing to be quoted by name and who has some right to pose as an expert? Does the fellow have an axe to grind? Is he trying to stay out of jail, promote a cause, or get some votes?

2. Who is doing the reporting? Is it a member of the newspaper's own staff? Does the story come from a national wire service and if so, which one? Is it a columnist? And if so, how much is fact and how much is his own private prejudice and opinion?

3. When did the event happen? Did the paper have time to do a thorough job or did it have to rush the story into print? If it had to do a hurry-up job, there's a good chance that some of the details are sketchy or even inaccurate. If a paper goes to press at 2 P.M., for instance, and a robbery happens at 1:30 P.M., the chances of getting a well rounded picture are poorer than if the crime had occurred the night before.

4. Is the story still developing? This afternoon's report of a trial, for example, may give undue emphasis to the prosecution's case. Before you make up your mind whether the accused is guilty, wait until tomorrow when his side will have its day in court — and in the paper.

5. And, to get back to the fundamentals, just where does fact begin and opinion stop in the account you're reading. Sometimes the markings between fact and fancy are obvious. Often they are cloudy. And there are some things which appear on hasty reading to be "fact," but which are actually some observer's version of fact, subject to all of that observer's failings, prejudices and inaccuracies.

If all of this makes newspaper reading — or any factual reading, for that matter — seem overly complicated, I'm sorry. It really isn't. It's mainly a matter of forming the habit of pausing now and then and asking yourself who's saying what, and why. Especially why. That's the way a newspaperman reads a newspaper — or listens to a speech or evaluates an answer to one of his leading questions.

The press certainly has its faults, and if you really want to hear all about them listen in on a reportorial bull session some time. But a lot of the things it gets blamed for are partly the fault of its readers.

And I for one am getting tired of people saying: "I don't believe a thing I read any more," and an hour later coming around all out of breath and telling me: "Hey, the papers say some little green men landed in a flying saucer out in Nevada."

"The papers" said no such thing. The fellow who said it was an astigmatic prospector who'd been celebrating his mother-in-law's birthday with some home-made cactus juice. The papers quoted his "opinion."

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by the KREMLIN WALL

By Jerry A. Vavra

★★★★

A NUMBER of Americans have received what in the Soviet Union is considered a great honor. They have been buried behind the tomb of the high-priests of Communism, Lenin and Stalin, by the wall of the temple of evil, the Kremlin.

What type of men are these Americans who have been so honored by America's monstrous enemy? What manner of traitors, liars, and cheats are these men who rest by the citadel of depravity? Most of them are unknown. Their contribution to the world is nil; there is no need to know of, or about them. But two that have been so "honored" are relatively well-known. Their names have lived after them. They are William D. Haywood and John Reed.

At the fashionable salon of Mabel Dodge during the spring of 1913, John Reed met Bill Haywood.

Reed took an immediate liking to Haywood, and, on a windswept rainy day in April, went to Paterson, New Jersey, where Big Bill was leading the abortive silk-workers strike.

Refusing to obey a policeman under orders to keep the idle men from loitering along the streets and causing trouble, Reed was arrested. Taken to the local jail, he met Haywood, who had been arrested earlier. Upon their release, Reed began planning a dramatic pageant to help Haywood raise much-needed funds to continue the strike. When the pageant failed, Reed went to Europe rather than admit his failure and help the strikers raise the deficit. An act indicative of his whole life.

But Reed did not forget Haywood. He joined Haywood's revolutionary crusade and soon was deeply enmeshed in radical activities. No two men could have been more unlike one another and still fight for the same ultimate end, the overthrow of the American Government and sovietization of the United States.

LIFE STORIES OF TWO AMERICANS BURIED IN MOSCOW

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Big Bill Haywood had been born in Salt Lake City, in 1869, of poor, illiterate parents. At the age of 9 he had been put to work in a coal mine. At 11 he was "bound out" by his stepfather to a farmer. He escaped two years later, a bitter and disillusioned youth, hating the society he blamed for his unhappy childhood.

His union activities began when he was 17, but he did not achieve notoriety until 1905, when Harry Orchard was arrested for the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg. Orchard, whose real name was Albert E. Horsley, confessed that he was hired by Haywood and other officers of the Western Federation of Miners to kill Steunenberg, in revenge for his ordering Federal troops to break the Coeur d'Alene riots in the silver mines of northern Idaho while he was governor. These riots had been started by Haywood. Steunenberg's assassination was to be a warning to any other public official who tried to stop the Federation.

Haywood and two other officials of the union were arrested. During Haywood's trial, which was held first, Orchard confessed that Haywood and his confederates had also paid him to commit a number of other murders. But on the assumption that the prosecution had not proved its case because of a lack of witnesses, Haywood was acquitted.

Haywood's acquittal made him a more powerful leader in the revolutionary leftist unions and started him on his path to infamy. As a member of the executive committee of the Industrial Workers of the World, a labor organization dedicated to achieving its ends by revolution, he led the Lawrence, Massachusetts, textile mills strike after the regular leaders were arrested; winning the strike on March 12, 1912. Inflated by his success at Lawrence, he led the Paterson, New Jersey strike, where he met Reed. But after a five-month siege, the strike ended in complete defeat for the I.W.W. and Haywood.

But he did not take this defeat seriously, and went on to become known as one of the most prominent and uncompromising radicals in America. He was ousted by the Western Federation of Miners and as a member of the executive committee of the I.W.W. His advocacy of sabotage and revolution, and his contempt for legal political action caused him to be expelled from the Socialist party in 1913. In 1917 he was arrested, tried, and found guilty of seditious conspiracy against the government.

A bitter childhood had led Haywood from a hatred of the existing social system to joining his country's arch-enemies. But John Reed was an inveterate traitor. Born in a mansion on October 20, 1887, of one of the oldest and most respected wealthy families of Portland, Maine, Reed was educated at the best prep schools, culminating his education at Harvard. After graduation, he made a

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tour of Europe before returning to take a job with the *American Magazine*. He immediately began contributing stories and poems to the *Masses*, Communist publication, and was soon made its managing editor. He began writing leftist stories, sonnets, and plays, extolling the virtues of the Left-wing radicals. By the age of 26 he was recognized as one of America's leading radicals.

In 1913, Reed went to Mexico as a correspondent for the Socialist magazine, the *Metropolitan*, to cover the revolution. Continuing on his way of always taking the side of murderers, liars and cheats, Reed became the bandit Villa's staunchest supporter among the American newspapermen. He stayed with Villa's troops until Villa began meeting defeat.

When the bandit's cause seemed hopeless and Reed was nearly killed during the battle for Torreon, Reed took to his heels and left Villa. But he did not forget his friend, and kept up a barrage of columns in magazines and newspapers attempting to influence public opinion towards forcing President Wilson to switch American support from the legitimate government of Mexico to that of the bandit.

It was thus that Reed uttered the first of many traitorous exclamations he was to utter against his own country. He said that if the United States aided the government of Mexico, he would join Villa's bandit-army and fight against his own country. In 1915, when Villa began crossing the American border, murdering American civilians and American troops and burning American towns, Reed said that he didn't care how many Americans Villa killed, he still liked him and would join his forces if American troops were sent into Mexico. But when troops were sent into Mexico, Reed decided that New York was more exciting, and refrained from any more bragging statements.

When Germany declared war on the United States in 1917, Reed refused to help his country fight the enemy, and joined the staff of a magazine financed by the German government to undermine the American war effort.

While Americans died on the battlefields of Europe, Reed spent the war years writing articles "proving" that the war had been planned by the industrialists to reap huge profits at the expense of the common man who had to do the fighting and dying. As victory against the enemy seemed assured, Reed became more violent in his attacks against the American government, calling it a tool of the capitalists.

After the communist revolution in Russia, Reed went to that country and offered his services. This was accepted and Reed was appointed Soviet consul to New York. But his efforts at becoming a Soviet "big shot" were thwarted when the American government announced

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that Reed would have no official standing. The appointment was canceled.

He returned to America and began writing propaganda articles for the Soviets. He went on an extensive public speaking tour, praising the Soviet Union and calling on his listeners to overthrow the American government.

By September, 1918, he was under two Federal indictments for his traitorous anti-American speeches and articles. Allowed to go free while awaiting trial on his promise that he would give no more speeches, he immediately broke this promise and gave an exceptionally vile anti-American speech on September 13th. He was again indicted.

In 1919 he wrote his book lauding the Soviet revolution, *Ten Days that Shook the World*. He continued his pro-Soviet, anti-American speechmaking to the point where he proudly proclaimed that he considered the Soviet Government a more democratic government than his own.

After forming the Communist Labor Party, and making certain it obeyed the leadership of the Soviet government and dedicated itself to the overthrow of the American government, Reed fled to Russia, never to return to his own country.

He was one of the leaders of the second congress of the Communist International in July, 1920. He occupied positions on many of the congress's committees, and was appointed a member of the executive committee of the International.

At the Communist Congress of Oriental Nations held during the late summer of 1920, Reed made the most violent anti-American speech of his career. He denounced his country, his government and his flag, and called on all Asiatics to unite under the flag of the Soviet Union and conquer the world for Communism. He died of typhus in October, and was given a state funeral with burial by the Kremlin wall.

In April, 1921, the man who had started Reed on his road to infamy arrived in Russia. Under sentence of 20 years in prison for seditious conspiracy, he had fled the United States and sought refuge in the Communist "Utopia."

He was given three successive high governmental positions, but failed in all three and was retired with a government pension. Haywood, who had attracted thousands to his banner with his egotism, oratory and personality, found himself a nonentity in Russia. This man who had been hated, feared, and admired in the United States was just another revolutionary among a nation of revolutionaries. Disappointed and disillusioned, he died an embittered and saddened man on May 18, 1928. In August he was buried with great honors by the Kremlin wall, next to his fellow-traitor, Reed.

The shadow of the Kremlin wall falls across their graves as the shadow of Communism fell across their lives.

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She Razzes *Executives* — and They Love It!

By EDWARD COPE

THE GRIM-FACED businessman in the airplane rubbed his hands together, again and again. He was worried whether he, a New Englander, would be accepted by the officers and employees of the Southern corporation he was on his way to manage.

At the airport he was met by his predecessor and whisked to a banquet hall filled with 150 men, ranging from foremen to top brass. The Easterner sensed an undercurrent of hostility and he wondered how many months or years — if ever — it would take to gain the confidence and friendship of these men.

Suddenly, a ragged figure with unkempt red hair, a tent-like dress, and flopping GI shoes burst into the room. "Hey, Cousin Jim," she screeched, "we don't want no damyankee fer a boss!" Before the crowd recovered from its shock, the female clodhopper shook off the restraining hand of a waiter and clumped to the speakers' table where the aghast New Englander sat.

"Hey, Cousin Jim," she rasped, "I heerd you was comin' to town to work fer that foreman feller over yonder . . . so I'm gonna smarten you up first." She scratched her backside violently. Her grin was coy, toothless.

The crowd was hysterical now and the woman took it from there. She began "tellin' off on" the New Englander. With amazing accuracy, couched in rustic language and accompanied by scratching, she related amusing if not embarrassing facts about the newcomer — his family, his hobbies, his idiosyncrasies, his high-school nickname, and, of all things, what happened when he was once caught walking his dog on company time.

At one point the tagrag said she felt like singing. "If a piany ain't handy," she added, "I'll jes' sing raw." The song was a parody on "Temptation," with special lyrics

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lambasting the new president. He accepted the spoofing with mixed astonishment and good humor.

Amid laughter and applause members of the audience told one another, "The new boss is a helluva good sport, isn't he."

Then, almost as abruptly as she had entered the hall, the woman picked up her battered straw suitcase and galloped out of the room. The new president leaned over to his predecessor and whispered, "I've no idea who she is or where she got all that information, but she certainly sold me as a human being to our people."

The dinner broke up a half-hour later. The departing guests noticed a dainty, blue-eyed blonde with a trim figure standing at the door. Not a person in the party, save the outgoing executive who had contracted for the country cousin's outrageous services, recognized her as the person who played the 60-year-old, loudmouthed rustic.

When she isn't putting people on the bucolic griddle, JoVan Boren, age 38, is a soft-voiced, twinkling-eyed lady whose husband is chairman of the philosophy and religion department of the University of Houston. Her unique services are very much in demand by commercial and industrial firms and conventions throughout the South and Southwest. Her estimated take for 1955 should run close to five figures.

The vice-president in charge of sales of a major Texas oil company stated that his firm has been employing her at least once a year for the past five years. "Two years ago," he said, "a group of 85 service station agents from all over the state were flown in for an awards dinner. We supplied her with basic information, then turned her loose.

"First she picked on management. Then she stressed the importance of the service station man. She put the company message across so effectively that now, whenever I make a swing around the territory, calling on our agents, that particular meeting is still mentioned."

Management has made other uses of the country cousin's considerable talents. She is used to take the possible sting out of what might otherwise be an unpopular top-level decision. The personnel chief of a large manufacturing plant gave me this example:

"We had an opening on the junior executive level and were determined to pull a man up from the ranks, but the most qualified man was, unfortunately, the company sourpuss. If we tapped him for the job, we dreaded the consequences to company morale.

"Then someone suggested we give him the country-cousin treatment. We wondered. Could Cousin JoVan take the vinegar out of this sour apple? Could she save morale and avert a possible rash of resignations? It was a calculated risk we had to take.

"At the banquet she did such a terrific job of tearing him down and

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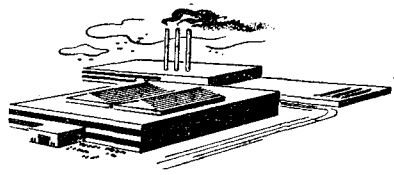
building him up again that he became the hero of the evening — in fact, he was the *only* man we could have promoted and kept faith with our employees."

That was almost five years ago. Today, the former pain-in-the-neck has one of the sunniest dispositions in the outfit and he's affectionately called "Cousin" by all his fellow workers.

Whether Mrs. Boren is performing in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, or San Antonio, Texas, people sooner or later get around to asking her how she got into the heckling business. "It just came naturally," she smiles. "Satire and Texas corn."



She is a native of Fort Worth, Texas. Her widowed mother worked to support the family, which gave JoVan the responsibility of minding her four younger brothers and sisters. She found that this was best accomplished when she mimicked everyone on the block — plus a number of imaginary country folks from the unlikely sounding town of Happy, Texas. From fireside miming she graduated to school assembly, church social, and civic club performing.

Until she married a fellow student at Texas Christian University, in 1938, her shows were always free. But when the new family budget became strained while her husband was working on his Ph.D., she turned professional. After the Borens moved to Houston, she retired long enough to have two children. Then, a few years later, when one of her youngsters was stricken with rheumatic fever, she dug up the old act to help pay for mounting medical and hospital bills.

Since 1947 she has been in such great demand — by oil companies, insurance firms, refineries, chemical plants, automotive groups, conventions, regional sales meetings, and for promotion and retirement dinners — that she's arbitrarily trying to limit herself to around 125 engagements a year.

"I try to give myself a three-month vacation in the summer," she said, "in order to spend that time with my family."

Even though Mrs. Boren is a firm believer in humility, every now and then her patience is forced to the breaking point by someone who tries to heckle the heckler. Once at a rather important affair attended by tuxedoed men and evening-gowned ladies, her scratching unsettled a lady sitting nearby. Unable to stand the spectacle any longer, the guest haughtily advised the cousin in a loud voice, "You wouldn't scratch so much if you bathed oftener!"

Scratching is very much a part of the act, and Mrs. Boren believes it's

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more contagious than yawning. "No matter what kind of audience I have," she relates, "by the time I'm finished, nearly every person in the room is scratching himself."

Her getup, makeup, and speakup are so artfully turned out, that occasionally she is taken "for real."

ONE NIGHT last winter while waiting for her cue to disrupt a dinner, she was sitting in the ladies' lounge, studying a frayed sheet of facts about her intended victim. Two well-dressed women came in, noticed her, and held a whispered consultation at the dressing table. As they left, they gave her a dollar.

"What's this fer?" asked the startled cousin.

"For you, dear," said her benefactor, "you poor thing."

From time to time JoVan Boren's act boomerangs. Like the time she was called in to heckle a new salesman at a small office party. He had just been transferred to a big-city branch of a farm-machine company and he was, she recalls, a definite country type himself.

JoVan claimed him as a long-unseen nephew. "Last time I laid eyes on you, you was yea high." She indicated the height of a four-year-old child.

"I don't believe I place you, ma'am," he said politely.

She refreshed his memory by relating several little-known family events. His eyes took on a peculiar expression.

"Oh, so *you're* the cousin they always talk about at family reunions!" he exclaimed. "The only lady hoss thief in Deaf Smith County. Glad to meet you."

Sometimes, just for a gag, the country cousin in full regalia will walk into a hotel through the front entrance on her way to a banquet. Bellhops and house detectives immediately swoop down on her from all sides. Depending upon her time schedule, she'll either maintain the characterization or quickly identify herself as an entertainer who couldn't find the service entrance.

Waiters, notably foreign-born ones in swanky restaurants and hotels, give her the most trouble. When she bursts loudly into the dining room, they try to throw her out with equal energy and volubility. Sometimes they even dispatch a bus-boy for the nearest gendarme.

Despite all her shenanigans, JoVan Boren is performing a valuable service by breaking down traditional business barriers with what she calls "just good, clean, embarrassing fun — served country style."

The impact of this hick humor has been unmistakable, say industrial relations men, for "humanizing" executives. However, among the hundreds of letters in Mrs. Boren's file, the one she most prizes was written, not by a businessman, but by a gold-star mother. "Our son was killed in the war," the mother wrote; "last night you made us laugh for the first time in five years."

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Detectives By Air

BY HENRY S. GALUS

AT NARRAGANSETT PARK in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, three men were using the only proven system of beating the horses. One stood near the starting gate, a miniature transmitter bulging in his pants pocket. He pulled a tiny button microphone from beneath his shirt. "They're at the gates . . . all in . . . flag's up!"

As the horses dove into the turf, Everett Frankel repeated the lead pony's number . . . it crackled in the "hearing aids" worn by two of his associates at the pari-mutuel windows. In the few seconds before the horses hit the starting pole, they placed as many $50 bets as the slam-shutting windows permitted.

The horse came in. The beautiful part was that these men were able to construct their private radio network for only a few dollars from a plan included in a "secret inventor's manual." But the ingenious horse-players had handcuffs clicked on their wrists at the payoff window.

Standing with the arresting officers were ether sleuths of the Federal Communications Commission. These agents of the Field Engineering and Monitoring Bureau pointed out that the walkie-talkie system of beating the legalized horse racket is illegal. The catch was that no one without a license may operate radio transmitting equipment, a technicality that tripped the Narragansett broadcasters.

At nineteen points in the country, the FCC operates huge monitoring "ears" whose 24-hour job is to "hear out" air thieves and other radio-band trespassers as possible candidates for fines up to $10,000 and prison terms up to two years, under the Federal Communications Act. It was drawn up primarily to prevent traffic jams in the air highways, with 6,000,000 transmitters of 60 different types spewing sounds into the ether. Little wonder that FCC "private ears" face an average of 400 new violations a week!

Their biggest single headache in recent years started when tons of war surplus radio parts got into the hands of boys throughout the country. Attic, basement and backyard transmitters clobbered authorized

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communications all over the ether, sometimes thousands of miles away from the makeshift sets. FCC agents had to stage countless raids on the adolescent broadcasters to confiscate their equipment before the problem eased.

Because of their youth the boys were not jailed, but the case of a Mississippi bootleg broadcaster was different. He was already serving a 50-year term at the Parchman prison farm. As the institution's radio repair man, he had rigged a short-wave transmitter for himself, receivers for a relative and a friend outside. The three were using this network to plan the inmate's escape.

Non-criminal activities can be just as disrupting to regular communications service. Many electrical devices are capable of emitting radio energy, among them arc welders, garage door openers, electrical signs, medical and factory machinery.

A WEST COAST airline complained that a clatter in its communications band was obstructing conversations with pilots. When the ether cops focused their direction finders, they knew that somebody, away over in Pennsylvania, about 2,000 miles distant, was responsible. There, monitoring trucks eventually "took a fix" on a large furniture factory. This laborious job was only the prelude to a tough second act, convincing the manager that he, although almost a continent away, could be guilty of interfering with a communications system on which life and death often hung. The on-foot patrolmen used their "snifters" — pocket-size receiver sets — to guide them to an electronic glue-drier, the real culprit.

No case has yet completely licked the ether detectives. On occasion, however, their enforcement laws have been rendered impotent by the breadth of an ocean. Years ago several big radio stations reported the same kind of disturbance at one time. The offender turned out to be scratchy broadcasting in Java.

Other cases have worked in reverse. The Tropical Telegraph, operating between Central America and Miami, claimed that someone was pestering its service band with unlawful signals. Swinging their giant primary ears into action, the air patrolmen revealed Michigan as the trouble source. Next they scored a fix on a Detroit auto factory, entering it to find a wired heater spitting electric noises into the spectrum.

In fact as a class of frequent offenders industrial heating units force the private ears to keep reaching for aspirin; this, of course, because so much of the equipment is essential to manufacture: drying and molding plastics, baking finishes, cooking canned foods, processing drugs etc. But the heating equipment needn't be industrial to cause serious annoyance.

A housewife answered her door bell one day to learn that her callers were government men who sus-

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pected her of violating airway laws. She was red-faced at their request — they wanted to inspect her bedroom. She at first protested, then held them off with a phone call to her husband, who convinced her that they were authorized agents. Entering, the ozone detectives found what they had been looking for — an electric blanket!

MOST electrical gadgets in the home are capable of issuing some disturbing energy and their combined power already exceeds that of all radio-communications equipment! A Houston woman declared that a "strange noise" kept intruding on the melody of her new electronic organ. The noise, as she had suspected, originated with a neighborhood ham radio operator, but he was not at fault. The real villain was the organ, its defective circuit snaring the amateur's talks with other hams.

Then there was the San Francisco aviation company that accused hams of breaking into its frequency and rendering communications difficult. Within moments the government men picked up the voices heading toward Denver. As planes landed there, crews were asked if they had enjoyed some coffee aloft.

"Enjoyed?" retorted one crew, "Our coffee heater went on the blink." This was the clue. A coffee heater was the subject of the conversation the private-ears had trapped, going out over radio equipment left on. And the find gave the agents a chuckle because the flyers were employed by the protesting firm.

The amateur radio operator has his turn at complaining. One in Boston was sandwiched between two professional buildings housing doctors' offices. To locate the trespasser on the ham's rightful frequency, the FCC detectives went from room to room with their pocket detectors until they uncovered an antiquated diathermy machine. They convinced the doctor that it was time for an apparatus change.

Field Engineering and Monitoring Bureau knows that of all broadcasting equipment TV is the most susceptible to inheriting and giving interference. Residents of a city in Massachusetts demanded that the ether sleuths do something about the "completely pictureless TV" they got in one channel. Among the complainants was an executive of the town's television tube factory. He was due for embarrassment when the trouble was found in his plant's tube-testing machines.

In Washington State the sleuths entered a high school laboratory to put the clamper on the source of blacked-out television in the community. Other private-ears were hauling their detectors atop a Danville, Virginia, firehouse to find that a TV booster, left on while the receiver below in the firefighters' quarters was turned off, had been distorting pictures in half the city's homes.

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Yet no matter how expert the field engineers are in solving ozone enigmas, there's always that one "stumper" that defies fast solution, and this can be because the true trouble is just too simple to be given ready consideration. Like the mid-western TV mystery that caused the FCC to do some vigorous scalp scratching. Their tests found all vital parts in a remote transmitter intact, free of defects. At last someone thought of taking a gander at something as commonly trouble-free as outside lines. There it was — squirrels had made a dinner of them!

Mr. Daylight Saving

» One fine summer morning in 1907 William Willett was riding across Chislehurst Common. He noticed that most of the blinds still were drawn and he thought it a shame that so many people were wasting the lovely, bright morning. It was his custom to rise at six o'clock for a canter before he started his day's work. Then the idea was born: Why not put the clock forward one hour in Summer so that people would rise an hour earlier without realizing it?

Thus originated Daylight Saving Time. It was a simple expedient which cost nothing yet saved millions of pounds, and dollars, too, for the idea spread far beyond the boundaries of the country where it originated. But, like many other pioneers, Willett incurred only ridicule when he first proposed his plan.

William Willett was born at Farnham in Surrey on August 10, 1856. On completion of his studies at Marylebone Grammar School, he entered his father's building business. Together they created a reputation for "Willett-Built" houses. Examples of their wise and tasteful planning still can be seen.

Undaunted by the ridicule of his idea for using the morning hours of Summer, he began a campaign which cost him much energy, time and money. He wrote to the press. He tried to persuade Members of Parliament to listen to him. As a result the first Daylight Saving Bill was introduced by Robert Pearce in the House of Commons in March, 1908.

The bill met with much opposition, and was introduced again in 1909 and in 1911 but did not become a law until 1916. In the meantime Willett was not idle. He carried his campaign far and wide. Between 1907 and 1914 he wrote and published nineteen editions (in English and other languages) of a pamphlet, *The Waste of Daylight*. But he did not live to see his cherished hopes realized. He died at Chislehurst, Kent, on March 4, 1915.

In 1916, when World War I was raging, the Daylight Saving Act was passed and became law. The British Government decided that the measure would increase industrial and war output.

In 1923 Willett's portrait by Charles Shannon, R.A., publicly subscribed for as a memorial to his life and work, was unveiled in the Council Chamber of Chelsea Town Hall. More prominent recognition was given him by the purchase in 1927, for the use of the public, of 87 acres of Pett's Wood, near Chislehurst, the place where the idea of Daylight Saving first occurred to him.

Today in the wood where he loved to ride stands a memorial to William Willett. It is a stone with a sundial on top. Fittingly, it records only Summer Time.

— George S. Osborough.

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The Arab World Awakens

BY FAYEZ A. SAYEGH

THE MOST significant fact about the Arab World today is that it is the scene of great, dramatic ferment. Arab society is undergoing rapid transition from a quasi-feudal, pre-industrial, pre-modern way of life, to a progressive, democratic, modern system of social organization — a transition which is affecting every aspect of contemporary Arab existence.

This process of transformation is only a few years old, as far as its tangible manifestations are concerned; its roots, however, go back some 150 years to the turn of the 19th century, when the first stirrings of what is known as the "Arab Awakening" took place against a background of centuries of paralysis under Ottoman rule.

For over a century — from the

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advent of Napoleon in Egypt in 1798 and the advent of Western educators and missionaries in the East Mediterranean areas early in the 19th century, to World War I — the awakening was slow, and Arab society was groping for direction. During World War I, however, the gradually emerging national consciousness of the Arab peoples expressed itself in one dramatic upheaval, marking the transition from the preparatory period of the Arab National Movement to the second, the period of struggle for independence, which lasted until the middle of the century. In order to understand what is happening today in the Arab World, a brief survey of the second period is necessary.

When Turkey joined the Central Powers, the Arabs, confident of the imminent collapse of the tottering empire and of the community of purpose between them and the Western Allies, launched the Arab Revolt in 1916. Their leaders had come to an understanding with the British government, which pledged them support for an independent and united Arab States at the end of the war. With the success of the Revolt and the Allies' victory, Arab hopes were high indeed. It seemed as though their dreams for a united, independent State were about to be fulfilled.

THESE dreams were frustrated, however. The sinister maneuvers before and during the Peace Conference, and the disclosure that secret agreements to divide the Arab regions of the Ottoman Empire among Britain, France and Czarist Russia, and to establish a Jewish National Home in Palestine, had been entered into at the time when the Arabs were fighting for what they believed to be a common cause — these had an impact on the Arab mind which cannot be overestimated.

Instead of independence, they were now to be placed under their allies of yesterday. Instead of unity, their land was to be dismembered; artificial political entities were to be created, each under a different administration, with fictitious boundaries cutting across what used to be a continuous flow of daily life. And, above all, a new form of foreign domination was to be imposed on one segment of the Arab people: Palestine was to become a Jewish National Home; its people were to be subordinated to an as yet nonexistent majority of Jews, who were

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to be induced by every means to come and settle. The dream of a re-created, re-built Arab society was vanishing. It was these circumstances which marked the transition to the second period of the Arab National Movement, the period of struggle, and determined the nature of that struggle.

Of the three main objectives — independence, unity and social reform — Arab leadership soon realized that it had to choose the first; for foreign domination, as long as it lasted, would likely prevent any progress towards Arab unity, as well as any basic reform of those social-economic-political institutions which perpetuated Arab backwardness. Hence, the next three decades witnessed a concentration of Arab energy upon the attainment of independence.

One Arab country after another fought for self-mastery. The history of these years is a sad story of bloodshed and sacrifice. A whole generation was born and nurtured within an atmosphere of suffering, insecurity and defiance of imposed authority. It was on account of these circumstances that the Arab National Movement came to be characterized, during its second period, by the *anti-foreigner* and *anti-Western* direction of its struggle; and by the retreat of the more moderate leadership and the gradual ascendancy of *extremists.*

However high their cost, the wars of independence were not in vain.

By the middle of the century, some eight Arab states had attained their independence. Six of them had become members of the United Nations. Equally significant, they had taken the first step towards restoring unity by the formation of the League of Arab States, which reversed the process of individual struggle for independence by each country alone. But with these developments, the stage was being set for another transformation in the Arab National Movement.

The progress already achieved had succeeded in creating a generation of dynamic, educated young Arabs, able to assume vigorous leadership in reforming Arab society and in bringing about far-reaching changes in the old-established patterns of Arab social, economic and political organization. Furthermore, the masses had awakened; they came to be aware of their sad fate under the quasi-feudal system of social organization.

WORLD WAR II and its repercussions enhanced the desire for reform and change. The increasing contact with the more advanced world spurred the Arabs to establish new institutions on the foundations

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of social justice, efficiency and democracy. But events soon revealed to the not-too-patient young Arabs — who had envisaged self-mastery as the miraculous cure for all Arab maladies, and had come to identify *self*-government with *good* government — that they had failed to achieve the good society they had anticipated.

Leadership of the infant states had passed to the same groups and individuals who had led their peoples during the period of negative struggle and insurrection; and it soon became evident that leadership in a war of liberation was not necessarily a mark of qualification for leadership in the struggle for reconstruction and reform. Furthermore, the struggle against foreign domination had been assumed by groups and individuals who represented social and economic institutions which were now themselves the target of complaint; and they were reluctant to take the lead in reforms which might liquidate those very institutions to which they owed their eminence.

While all these factors focused attention on change and reform, another event took place which accelerated the process already set in motion. This was the loss of the greater part of Palestine in 1948, which convinced Arabs of all walks of life that independence was "not enough," that radical social reform was imperative, that greater unification of the Arab world was indispensable for the survival of the Arab States, and that young, dynamic and competent leadership was the greatest need of the moment.

THOUSANDS of Arabs lived and worked and had their being in those fateful months of 1948 and 1949, under the impact of the loss

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of Palestine. In their conversations they asked but one question: "Why did we lose Palestine?"

The temptation would have been strong indeed to find easy refuge in easy answers. Their anti-foreigner and anti-Western bias would have prepared them to accept readily this interpretation: "We lost Palestine because we were unable to purchase arms on both sides of the Iron Curtain; we lost Palestine because the United Nations intervened, at every critical moment and whenever the enemy was squeezed in a corner, to impose a truce unfavorable to us; we lost Palestine because we lacked lobbyists in every capital and in the councils of the nations, and unlimited financial resources; we lost Palestine because we lacked propaganda machinery which could mobilize world opinion to support our cause financially, politically, and otherwise."

But young Arabs found little satisfaction in such reasoning. Theirs was not an attempt to *excuse* themselves, but an attempt to *learn* from the tragic loss of Palestine edifying lessons for the future. The literature of the period abounds in instances of self-examination. Countless books, articles and other publications may have differed in the prescriptions they suggested — but the diagnosis they made was essentially the same: "The Arabs failed in their first test because Arab society was defective!" And in what they said, these writers reflected the feelings and thoughts of infinite numbers of Arabs from all walks of life.

That period of candid self-confrontation proved to be one of the most pregnant moments in modern Arab history. For, to the Arab, the loss of Palestine was the indictment of a whole generation. The import of this verdict of history, as envisioned by the Arab, went beyond Palestine, beyond foreign intrigue, beyond sheer military power or impotence, it was a judgment on values held sacred, on premises of thought considered axiomatic, on age-old traditions and systems of social organization — indeed, on an entire mode of existence.

It is only a myopic envisioning of historical process which views the fate of Palestine in 1948 as a symbol of Arab defeat. The discerning observer cannot fail to see in it the impulse for a true Arab awakening, the stimulus for a revolution in the Arab soul, the beginning of a new and superior era in the history of modern Arab nationalism.

BORN out of the dark crisis of Palestine, the new Arab social revolution ushered the third period of the national movement. It virtually transformed the Arab concept of national struggle from a two-dimensional concept, comprising *independence* and *unity*, to a three-dimensional concept — adding depth, as it were, to the Arab field of vision, and introducing *social reform and betterment* to the range of Arab national aspiration.

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Arab society is still at the outset of this new period, but the impact of the revolution — in outlook, in national concept and in values — is already manifest in concrete measures, developments and trends.

Youth, representing the yearning for social justice, has revolted against the old leadership. By a succession of events in Syria, Jordan, Egypt, Lebanon and Iraq, it has managed — with varying degrees of success — to take control of public affairs and initiate far-reaching programs of reform. As a result, there have been changes in constitutions, *in basic legislation, in the personnel* and structure of governmental machinery, in economic and social systems, and indeed in every walk of life.

THREE Arab states — Syria, Jordan and Libya — now have new constitutions, emphasizing the State's responsibility for the welfare of citizens. A new Egyptian constitution is now in the process of being drafted, no doubt along parallel lines. The Saudi Arabian monarch has initiated a process of gradual, orderly delegation of authority, and established efficient governmental institutions which are superseding direct personal rule.

New electoral laws in Syria, Iraq, Lebanon and Jordan have made parliamentary elections more truly representative and more democratic, by doing away, for example, with the obsolete practice of "indirect elections." In two cases — Syria and Lebanon — the right to vote and to be elected has been extended to women.

In general, feudalism has been dealt a fatal blow. Hereditary titles of honorary rank have been abolished in a number of countries — an instance of legislation merely confirming public sentiment. The land-reform measures, initiated in Syria and Egypt and to a less radical extent in Iraq, have produced a more concrete reduction in the stature of the feudal families and a more concrete promotion of social justice and equity.

Five countries — Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan and Egypt — have now followed these anti-feudal measures with more positive measures of economic development, aiming at raising the standards of living of the under-privileged groups as well as of the whole community. They have established central boards for planning and supervising the implementation of over-all economic development.

Educational facilities are being spectacularly expanded; and compulsory and free education on the elementary level — for boys and girls — is now the rule rather than the exception. The education of women is advancing at a rapid rate. Higher education is becoming more and more abundantly available. Governmental assistance for students to seek higher learning abroad is expanding rapidly. Illiteracy, for

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centuries the chief curse of Arab society, is everywhere on the retreat.

Youth is in the ascendancy. Governmental agencies are being manned ever more thoroughly by young men of vision and integrity. Arab society, long preoccupied with the struggle against foreign domination, is now awake to its own ills and resolutely seeking to effect a lasting cure.

Finally, inter-Arab relations are undergoing transformation. The League of Arab States is taking the initiative in many an inter-Arab project designed to enhance the individual pursuit by each Arab country of better life. Under the auspices of the League, educational, economic, financial and military treaties have been concluded, and their impact on the area as a whole is no less pronounced than their impact on each component state.

In short, the Arab world, now at the *beginning* of the *third period* of its national movement, is already on the march towards self-betterment and reform. The trend is unmistakable. However much the cynic may belittle, or the adversary may deny, the fact or the significance of this change, it cannot be gainsaid that a new and hopeful spirit is abroad, and that it is already transforming Arab society after its own image and ideals.

» The restoration of American prestige in the strategic Middle East and the recovery, for the United States, of the diplomatic initiative there should be the sole objective of all Americans concerned with the problem, Clarence L. Coleman, Jr., president of the American Council for Judaism, declared recently in New York. At the same time, he warned against pronouncements on Middle Eastern affairs by partisan American groups which have, he said, "tended to place our country in the false dilemma of choosing between the Arabs and the Israelis."

Coleman's statement was issued with authorization of the ACJ executive committee, members of which came together in New York from widely distant parts of the country. "The acute situation confronting American and Western diplomacy in the Middle East is so grave and portentous," Coleman said, "that it is essential for all Americans, as they petition their Government, to have as their sole objective the restoration of American prestige and the regaining of the diplomatic initiative in the whole of the strategic Middle East. The now threatened Soviet penetration of the area can expose the whole eastern flank of our European alliance. It can add Western Asia to the already lost Far East, and it can open the gate to Soviet domination of Africa, which is already ripe for Communist subversion."

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We present this as a timely warning to readers who may be on the verge of spending a bit of Christmas loot:

A woman drove into a filling station on a scorching hot August day and asked that a heater be installed in her car.

"Pardon me, Ma'am," said the surprised attendant, "but we're a little rushed right now. Wouldn't it be all right if we put it in tomorrow?"

"No, sir!" said the customer emphatically. "I want it installed quickly. Last Christmas my uncle gave me money to buy a heater. I've just received a telegram; he's on the way to visit us!" — *Quote*

Comedienne Ruth Altman met Rita Plaves, the daredevil female parachutist from Britain, and asked her what was the most horrifying experience she ever had. "I had just jumped from a plane over Calais, France," she said. "I landed in a field, and saw four news cameramen running towards me. Then I remembered — I had forgotten to put on my lipstick!"

Actor John Wayne was hunting for early American antiques in New England and came across a shop with this sign: "Antiques Made On Order."

"Last night," a young man told his friend, "I had the sweetest girl in my car! When we came to a lonely place I wanted to kiss her, but she said, 'I'd like to see the stars when you kiss me. Why don't you take the top down?' So after working an hour I finally got the top down and . . ."

"An hour?" interrupted his friend. "Why, I don't need more than two minutes for that."

"I know," said the first, "but you have a convertible."

— *Atlantic Coast Line News*

The shabbily-dressed man stopped the well-dressed gent who had ventured into the not-so-nice part of the city. Politely pulling off his cap, the tramp mumbled: "Please give me some money, dear sir. I'm a poor man who has lost everything — all I have left in this world is this little pistol."

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We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it — and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on the hot stove lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove lid again — and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more.

— MARK TWAIN

A single girl, with more than 30 summers in her past, was asked what she desired most in a husband — brains, wealth or appearance.

"Appearance," she replied dryly, "and the sooner the better."

— *Prop Wash*, NAS, WHIDBEY ISLAND, WASHINGTON

A man was sitting in a smoking car with a banana sticking in his ear. Another man got on the train, sat opposite him and, horrified, said, "Pardon me, sir, but do you realize you have a banana sticking in your ear?" Came the reply: "Speak up, I can't hear you very well because I have a banana sticking in my ear!"

— JOAN BLONDELL

Grace Downs, head of the Fifth Avenue Air Career School, tells this classic, which is making the rounds of the airline hostesses:

It's common to give passengers sticks of chewing gum labeled "TO PREVENT UNPLEASANT PRESSURE IN THE EARS DURING TAKEOFFS AND LANDINGS."

After one trip, an elderly woman plaintively appealed to the stewardess, "Help me get this stuff out of my ears. It hasn't done me a bit of good anyway."

The managing editor of a newspaper noted for its lurid sensationalism was in despair.

"It's awful, Bill," he groaned to the news editor. "Nothing scandalous has happened for twenty-four hours. What on earth can we put on the front page?"

"Don't worry, Jim," said the news editor, consolingly. "Something'll happen all right. I've still got faith in human nature."

— *Tatler*

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God Into Man

BY HARVEY BERMAN

THE world has now learned that the Emperor of Japan, Hirohito, 124th in the Yamato Dynasty, has seven moles on his face. This information, with regard to any other personage, would be of little significance and certainly border on the ludicrous but when applied to the nominal ruler of today's Japan, it means that the final curtain has fallen on four decades of Hirohito the God.

As a deity to his people, the merest shadow of the man was hidden behind superstition and pageantry to protect his untouchability and sanctity. The deity of the island empire has at last descended from his position and emerged a man, making human errors, earning human triumphs, and even suffering the disfigurement of facial imperfections.

Shortly before the fall of Japan, the Emperor held an entirely different relationship to his people. He was more legend than substance — few had ever seen him. He lived a cloistered life worshipped as the fountainhead of Japanese religious activity and any information released was designed to heighten the divinity surrounding him. Today, the Emperor's new status represents the completion of the ten year revolution in Japan — the change from a feudal way of life, of ancient shibboleths and Emperor worship, to a constitutional democracy on its way to leadership of the free world in the Far East.

We have learned more about Hirohito in the last five years, than we ever knew before. For the record, the heir to the Yamato throne, stands five feet three inches tall, weighs in around 130 pounds, and wears thick glasses to correct serious defects in his vision.

When MacArthur arrived in Japan after the signing of the cease-fire agreement, one of the major problems faced by the United States regarding its treatment of the fallen enemy was what to do with the Emperor. Hirohito himself solved that problem. Voluntarily the Emperor stepped forward, announced

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himself ready to become a Japanese ruler stripped of his religious symbolism and to help lead Japan along the path to independence and peace.

For the first time in his life, he walked out from behind the walls of his palace-prison and mingled with his people. He talked with them, walked with them and shook their hands. He let it be known that they had been deceived, not by him so much as by the warlords, into believing he was anything more than he actually was — a self-conscious, rather shy Japanese, who looked more a businessman than a god.

"I found that my people were still overawed and would not accept me as I was," he once confessed to a newspaperman, and it was true. There were many conservative and staid Japanese, brought up in the ancient traditions, who refused to believe that the Emperor was acting of his own accord — they blamed the American occupation. But as the months passed and Hirohito, always smiling, happier perhaps than he had ever been before, ventured outside his gates, even they were forced to admit that a new era had dawned for the island kingdom.

EARLY in 1946, he issued what is now considered one of the most significant documents in modern day Japanese history. He addressed himself to his people when he told them frankly that he was no more divine than they were, and that genuine ties of love, friendship and respect should bind them in the future, replacing the old superstition.

Astounded, Japan slowly responded. The people found their ruler to be a warm, friendly person, who once admitted publicly that he had much to learn if they could teach him. Before a group of Japanese reporters, soon after the war's end, he declared that he was going to visit General MacArthur to discuss matters of utmost importance. When asked why it was that the Emperor should visit a conquering general and why MacArthur had not been summoned to the palace instead, Hirohito smiled and reminded them that Japan had been defeated — even humiliated — and that it was the most natural thing in the world for the defeated ruler to visit the representative of the victorious nation.

On another occasion, Hirohito was touring Tokyo, when an aged woman fell to her knees and began to bow to the Emperor. He ordered one of his party to ask her to stop and did not venture further until she had been helped, gently but firmly, to her feet.

An avid worker, Hirohito, according to those who have been close to him, has devoted his ten years to the New Japan and to laying the cornerstone upon which the new nation could be built — his abdication as a deity. To this purpose, he rises shortly after the sun, shaves with an American razor, and is at breakfast by eight. At nine in the morning he is in his office where he

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remains until four, with an hour break for lunch and a bath at midday. Though by the agreement signed in 1946 by Japan and the SCAP nations, he is strictly forbidden to take part in the governing of his kingdom, he has done much in other directions to influence the actions of his country by placing himself squarely behind the movement for a democratic Japan, and its maintenance.

HE ENCOURAGES newspaper reporters to "humanize" him and reports about his activities and personal life have become quite common. For example, a photographer of a Japanese newspaper, visiting the Emperor for the first time late last year, was so awed at meeting him, that he failed to get his picture. The Emperor heard the story, called the man back and personally saw to it that the photograph was made.

His sparetime activities also have been bared to the public. Pictured as an athlete for generations, it has now been revealed that his avocations lie in the realm of science rather than sports. He loves to pursue his studies of biology and, as a matter of fact, has one of the finest personal collections of plant, sea and insect life, in the world. Far from being an outstanding sportsman, he admittedly has failed at sports, and prefers chess and the quiet of his laboratory to sun, air and strenuous performance.

It has taken nearly ten years for the Japanese nation to accustom itself to the change. A recent observer remarked that "Emperor worship is still widespread but is on the decline." This is primarily due to the Emperor's relentless campaign of self-depreciation this past decade. Now, the constitutional monarch of a democratic nation, no one seems happier about his release than the 54-year-old Yamato heir himself—a man slowly descending from the gods and assuming a respectable and secure place as a mere mortal. Hirohito is forcing his people, like it or not, to recognize the truth that the feudal ways of yesterday have no place in the Japan of today and tomorrow.

» Article I of the Japanese Constitution of 1889 reads: "The Empire of Japan shall be ruled over by Emperors of the dynasty which has reigned in an unbroken line of descent for ages past." Hirohito is 124th in this line, which officially dates from February 11, 660 B.C., when the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, is believed to have descended from Heaven upon Mt. Kirishima.

Devout Japanese can trace the ancestry of their Emperor still further into the past, however, through a long line of gods, back to Izanagi. He it was who, standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven (the Rainbow), dipped his jeweled spear into the sparkling waters of the ocean. As he lifted his spear, the drops congealed to form a rock. Then the Rainbow was lowered, and the earth-makers came down from Heaven to build the beautiful islands.

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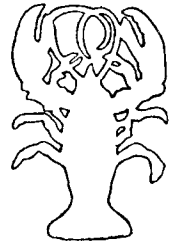
Nature Got There First

By Ben Berkey

INVENTORS past and present must have made good use of the influence of nature since some of our most ingenious modern devices have their natural counterparts. And when the idea men stole Mother Nature's patents — they stole the best. For example:

The good, old-fashioned hinge, which we see in our homes and on barn doors, is no more perfect than that of the oyster. There are other examples of the hinge to be found in nature but that of the oyster reaches the highest degree of perfection. The horny oyster of the Pacific Coast has its two shells joined together by a hinge more ingenious than any found in the hardware store.



And, no doubt, the original pliers were those of the lobster's claw. There are other pincer-carrying creatures, the crab, the scorpion, the beetle among them. The power of these pincers on a lobster or a crab is well known and some of the modern instruments of the same type are based on principles of construction somewhat similar.

It was Nature who invented the perfect storage battery and light without heat, the ideal of today's electrical engineer. Long before the electric light was invented, she had her own lamp in the firefly. The electric eel and the torpedo ray carry around with them batteries that are charged with sufficient electricity to render unconscious and sometimes kill their enemies. The electric organs of the eel, larger than those of the torpedo ray, are capable of delivering a shock that will stun a fish or a man.

The swordfish carried the first sword. Today's steel experts agree that it is a natural phenomenon. Its power of penetrating several inches of solid oak wood is not surpassed by any similar weapon of steel.

Also in the deep, we have the first vacuum cups. Perhaps later day inventors found inspiration in the suckers of the octopus. The principle of the cup is to exhaust the air from the inside, and the suction will then hold it firmly to any flat surface. The octopus uses this principle in clinging to rocks under water and the power of the suction of one of its tentacles is so great that the strength of two men will often fail to pull it loose!

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In the tropical seas there is a so-called globefish, which, when inflated, resembles a miniature balloon. This strange creature of the deep dilates its gullet with air, and its body swells up in the shape of a globe, or balloon. In this inflated condition it rises to the surface of the water and each passing breeze blows it along.

THE FIRST man-made flying machine or airplane was attributed to a study of birds in flight by early aeronautical experts.

And the first spinning machine was that of the moth, whose caterpillar spins the cocoon. Modern-day spinning machines are producing wonderful fabrics for wearing apparel and many other uses, but none exceeds in beauty and design the work of nature's spinner, the spider. The silkworm turned out its product long before man invented his spinning machine and it still surpasses man-made nylon in beauty.

The first hypodermic needle was the gift of Nature to the lowly mosquito. Besides it has lances and saws of its own to puncture the skin and insert a tube through which the insect sucks the blood of its victim. Poisonous snakes carry with them an even more perfect hypodermic needle. It is the poisonous fang, which is hollow and through which the poison is injected when the point of the sharp tooth has entered the skin. The snake also was given the first ball-and-socket joint, principle of the basis of many of today's tools. Snakes have long chains of balls and sockets that work in perfect harmony, so that their bodies may have the flexibility necessary for their movements.

Nature, too, can take credit for the first bottle — the gourd. Among the various shapes of bottles we use every day, we may very well find counterparts in these vegetables. And as for packaging — the shell, or box in which she packs her Brazil nuts beats anything man has invented. These nuts are so ingeniously packaged that, once removed, they can not be restored to their original place in the shell.

The first, and best, workable pump ever invented was the heart. Science has long ago conceded that the human heart, as an engineering phenomenon, can never be surpassed by any pump invented by man. It not only is a powerful force-pump of incredible efficiency but it is self-repairing and self-renovating. While in action the heart cleanses and purifies itself. For its size it is the greatest pump of the age.

One could go on indefinitely listing Mother Nature's inventive miracles. The more we study her the more we realize the numberless engineering problems she has solved for us. In man's upward climb to civilization, he did not at first grasp hold of these inventions by observing natural phenomena. It took some time; yet, all the while, the know-how was there, waiting for him!

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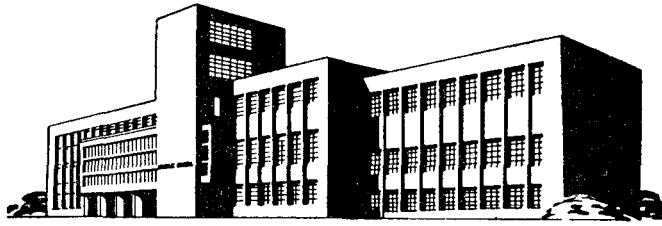

Are High Schools for MORONS?

By Albert L. Bell

MORE multi-million dollar high schools, and more indolent pupils to fill them, are panaceas offered by "progressive" educators for our present educational ills. It is taken for granted that every boy and girl of high school age should annually doze through 180 days of school. What happens to the child's head while his posterior is being supported is of secondary importance.

Since 1900, our public education has grown into a mammoth enterprise. If mere statistical showing of rise in costs and quantity were proof of rise in quality, we might rejoice; but bigger is not always better. More and bigger buildings, more and bigger gadgets, audio-visual teaching aids and what-not do not necessarily improve the mind. But they do affect the parents' pocketbook.

As a plain fact which any number of businessmen may confirm — the majority of our high school graduates are not able to write one full paragraph of clear and orderly sentences. They cannot spell. They are incapable of solving the most simple problems of arithmetic. They don't know their geography. They know almost nothing about American history. They know so little because they did not care to get any sec-

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ondary education in the first place, and the big school buildings, gadgets and audio-visual aids couldn't do the trick.

Does it make sense to force children into something for which they are not suited, and which they turn into a farce? Is it not hypocrisy to pretend that they are really getting an education? We whoop up commencement exercises, and the kids have their pictures taken with cap and gown, looking quite poised and scholarly for a few minutes, and the tax-paying parents put the pictures of the darlings on the mantelpiece.

When the chips are down and the real study begins, our young folks are not so keen about going ahead. Numerically, then, even the Soviet Union does better. As Dr. Charles Thomas, of the Monsanto Company, recently pointed out: "Russia will graduate 1,200,000 scientists and engineers, and the United States will graduate 900,000, in the decade from 1950 to 1960."

The achievements of our high school students look like a poor return for the lavish investment into which we have been bamboozled by the high-pressure salesmen of the education racket. It is silly to bombard morons and nitwits with a conglomerate mixture of dubious information. An increasing number of subnormals and even delinquents, to the detriment of those young people who do want to learn something (and who can), are frittering away their time — at public expense.

In order to keep the misfits happy, the academic standard has been steadily lowered. The increase in numbers of pupils (and misfits) was accompanied by an increase in play, social functions, brass bands, field trips, athletic contests and variety shows.

By now, we measure results in school by the number of days the pupil has warmed a seat, the number of courses he has been exposed to, and the number of classes he has drowsed through. For such "performance" he is given points of credit, which advance him toward the cap and gown, and the picture on the mantelpiece.

FOR THE taxpayer's edification, let us take an inventory of what all too often goes on in the high school during a normal day. In the morning a large part of the student body arrives thirty or forty minutes prior to the convening of classes, in order to get out of some work at home or get into some trouble at school. Some remain in the home room and heckle the few students who are trying to work; others amuse themselves by running, fighting, and shrieking in the halls.

The girls spend their time in plastering on an additional coating of powder, rouge, and lipstick; by the time classes assemble, they look like circus clowns.

Newly-infatuated couples seek the secluded corners as well as the rear seats in the auditoriums to neck

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until the bell sounds. Then the students pass to their classes, laboratories, shops, or home-economic rooms.

In the first class, if the lecture method is used, the students go into a state of reverie or day-dreaming, to be aroused only by the first bell which is the signal to get the books piled and to ask a neighbor what the next class is. After agreeing about the next class, the newly-awakened seat-warmers wonder whether there was an assignment, to which the others reply, "I guess not — anyway I didn't do anything." Then the second bell rings and, after the new assignment for this class has fallen on deaf ears, the ne'er-do-wells mope to the next room.

Here the teacher may use the question-and-answer method. In a class of thirty-five, after a pupil has answered and his zero has been indelibly tucked away in the record book, he may become oblivious to everything for at least twenty minutes (the only requirement being that he refrain from snoring while asleep).

THOSE enrolled in language courses such as Latin, French, German and Spanish resort to every artifice in order to pass. In a course in Virgil or Cicero, every pupil has a "trot" for each book or oration. Not content to use these trots as an aid to translation, the students either copy verbatim into the text, or remove the necessary sheets from the trot and read from them if, when, and as called upon. If in the Latin course, there are sentences to be done, usually about six out of a class of twenty-five actually do them and the remainder copy them. Most of the classroom time is spent in putting mustaches on Caesar, Virgil, and Cicero, and pipes, cigarettes, and cigars into the mouths of Juno, Venus, and Minerva.

In practically all high schools, we have history-of-music or music-appreciation courses, in which everyone must do a project, write a term paper, or keep a notebook. The majority of the pupils simply write to a music critic and ask for facts, dates, statistics, personal opinions and biographies concerning famous composers. Virtually everything that pupils want to know could be obtained if they weren't too lazy to spend an hour with an encyclopedia.

But the writing of begging letters to celebrities is not only permitted but is actually encouraged by teachers who give extra credit if the information is signed by the commentator or critic himself. This and similar work in other courses is becoming a national educational racket, as the unfortunate gentlemen who are swamped with illiterate letters will testify.

During laboratory periods in chemistry, home economics or similar courses, the pupils act as if they were busy when the instructor walks by, and the remainder of the time are free to talk over last night's

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dates, make plans for the ensuing dance or play with the gadgets and machines. In the science courses, it isn't necessary to accomplish very much because the results can be easily copied from someone else's data book. The home-economics girls resort to any trick to escape duty, because in the end mother makes the dress, slip, or apron at home anyway.

Some of the new teaching schemes and devices such as workbooks, practice sets, projects, contracts, and other pedagogical whims, not only encourage loafing, but make the loafing more enjoyable. If the class is fortunate enough to have workbooks, there is little teaching and less thinking, because all that is required is to fill in the blanks from the material in the text or some other student's workbook. Practice sets in bookkeeping are always fun, because they give an opportunity to enhance the pupil's repertoire of dirty jokes while supposedly consulting various members of the class about accrued interest or some other fictitious difficulty.

There has been a recent trend toward the use of many visual and auditory aids, such as movies, TV and radio programs, in order to pacify these motley groups of "scholars." Inasmuch as the showing of movies requires a dark room, the students usually sleep or engage in amorous antics during the picture because they are seldom held accountable for anything that is shown. TV and radio programs are often resorted to by teachers who are either too lazy or too dull to hold the interest of the class. About the only outcome of both these programs, either direct, associate or concomitant, is that the pupils' receptive posterior ends have been completely anaesthetized.

During study periods, there are spasmodic epidemics of coughing, humming, and stamping of feet which provide an atmosphere similar to the schizophrenical ward in a mental hospital. If talking is permitted, the students discuss everything from sex to perpetual motion (but not much of it is perpetual motion except the talking). In case talking is prohibited, the girls gaze at their artificial faces in their respective mirrors, comb and push their periodically frizzed wigs, and manicure their crimson finger-nails: the boys sit and stare at books or the girls and watch the clock. Various couples who are not permitted to sit together generally go to the library and select, in addition to the funny papers, magazines that have pictures at which they gaze long and dreamily, so as not to finish before the period ends.

THIS educational scourge of indolence which seems to be prevalent throughout the entire system, reaches its culmination during activity period. In most of our high schools, activity periods are loaf periods for the majority of the

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students. A few go to the library and serve their time. Some of the boys sign up for scheduled activity and then go to the drugstore, gas station or beer joint where they may smoke unmolested so long as they report back at the required time. Others loiter in the cloak room, shower rooms, gymnasium, auditorium and other corners not frequented by teachers and principals.

THESE gatherings provide an excellent opportunity to exchange sex booklets and lascivious pictures which are the common property of a vast number; to gather sex knowledge, which is usually misleading and vulgar; and to compare sex experiences and promote sexual promiscuity. The remaining students stay in the home room, halfheartedly passing the time away by drawing caricatures of their teachers.

At the close of the day the pupils go to the drugstore, or to the pool room, or even home, with the feeling that they have succeeded in supinely frittering away another day. And the taxpayer reaches deeper into his purse to pay for this three-ring circus for morons.

It Never Tasted the Same Afterwards

» Years ago we lived in a small town and got most of our produce from nearby farmers. In those days "creamery butter" was considered (and probably was) hardly fit to eat. "Good country butter" was the thing and one stuck with the farmer's wife who consistently supplied it. Our butter lady, Miz Reilly, not only made a delicious product but took special pride in its decoration. It was traditional to make a leaf design or some such pattern on the top of the butter loaf. Most farmers' wives were content with a hit or miss design made with the edge of the butter paddle, but Miz Reilly's decorations were intricate engravings — a joy to behold. We had often wondered how she achieved her artistic effects so one Saturday my mother asked her how she did it. "Oh, but it's easy as anything," she said, "I make me designs with me hair comb." BILL ARTER

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The Voice of IRELAND

By **RUTH LOUISE JOHNSON**

At a party one evening a soprano was asked to sing some Irish songs. Among those she sang was "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," but one listener objected. "That song," he said, "was composed by Flotow, a German, for his opera *Martha*."

"Oh, no," smiled the singer. "Those words were written by Thomas Moore, and the tune is an old Irish folk tune. Attributing it to Flotow is a mistake frequently made because of its inclusion in the opera."

Never a St. Patrick's Day rolls around that singers on stage, radio and television don't give at least one Irish song on their programs. And the chances are that the words of most of these songs will have been written by Thomas Moore. This Irish poet might be called the "Voice of Ireland," for without him many beautiful old Irish airs might never have been heard throughout the world. In poetry, Scotland had Burns and England had Byron, but Ireland had Thomas Moore.

Born in Dublin in 1779, he began to write verses as a boy. He first saw his lines in print when a sonnet to his schoolmaster was published in a Dublin magazine. But the ungrateful schoolmaster pronounced him "an incorrigible dunce." Some years later he published his early poems under the title of *The Poems of the Late Thomas Little.*

Moore's parents wanted him to be a lawyer. They sent him to Trinity College, and from there he went on to Middle Temple in London. Here he began a free translation into English verse of the Odes of Anacreon. It was published not long afterward and was a great success.

His own poems, however, were criticized severely, and in the Edinburgh *Review* he was denounced as a "corrupter of morals." He challenged the editor to a duel. The combatants met but the duel was prevented by the magistrate. On examining the weapons it was found they were loaded with powder only, which so amused Lord Byron that he wrote a poetic satire on the duel. This led to a close friendship between the two poets, and helped to publicize Moore's works.

In 1807 a publisher asked him to write words for some ancient Irish folk melodies collected by Edward Bunting. Moore wrote the words for these songs at intervals during the next 25 years, and Sir John Stevenson, musical composer, adapted the Irish airs to Moore's words. These *Irish Melodies* include "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," and "The Ministrel Boy," which became popular in America in the early 19th century. One of them, "My Gentle Harp," was set to the tune "Londonderry Air," which has been called "the most beautiful tune in the world."

In 1817 Moore published the longest and most complete of his poetic works, *Lalla Rookh*. It was tremendously popular and brought the author $15,000. He also wrote a biography of Lord Byron which brought nearly $25,000. In his later years he attempted to write *The History of Ireland* but it was a dull and weary work, unfitted to the talents of its author.

It was his *Irish Melodies* that won Thomas Moore immortality, but he disclaimed any such credit for himself, saying, in a farewell to the sleeping harp of his country:

"I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was its own."

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250 Years of Benjamin Franklin

BY THOMAS I. GERSON

ALL OVER the world this year, wherever free people gather, the name of Benjamin Franklin will be synonymous with the concepts of liberty, tolerance and world peace. More than 500 sponsoring organizations in 40 countries will talk and write about Poor Richard in honor of his 250th birthday on January 17th.

America will lead the world in honoring the memory of the tallow-chandler's son who, with only two years of formal education and no social advantages, dared to dream of a world wherein all men had a free and equal right to success and happiness regardless of race, color or creed. He not only dared to dream — but proved his theories of happy, helpful living in science, industry, medicine, education and government.

Franklin's story is also the story of America under the banner of free enterprise, recognizing the brotherhood of man as the basic credo of our republic. Indeed, he was one of the first great apostles of Free Enterprise, the system under which America has grown and her people prospered.

The picture of a poor, lonely boy, with only one Dutch dollar and three loaves of bread, rising rapidly to independent wealth as the foremost scientist and statesman of his day, electrified the imagination of the world. Mirabeau said "he poured a flood of light over all Europe" and did more than any other philosopher to "extend the rights of man across the earth."

Tired old countries, limited for centuries by autocratic government and favored classes, took heart and breathed deeply of a new freedom of opportunity for all men. They came by the thousands to the new country, or revised their own systems. The idea of free, individual enterprise, as Franklin taught it, became the most inspiring and dynamic force in 18th-century civilization.

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Under Franklin's tireless efforts, experimental science, born a few years earlier in an era of superstition and persecution, grew to lusty young manhood. Education broadened its vision to include practical subjects and students from *all* classes of society. Medicine cast aside its barber's tools and found the true causes of disease. Free men broke the shackles of censorship and wrote what they thought, creating great literature and awakening the minds of millions.

We know that Franklin related his work to the deep experiences of human life. A cursory look into his own life shows that Franklin practiced the art of serving others, knowing that to serve well is to live abundantly. He lived with a sense of compassion, social understanding and a realization of the difficulties of others. This philosophy is reflected time and again in his maxims on character and life:

"Fear to do ill, and you need fear nought else."

"What is serving God? 'Tis doing good to man."

"Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him."

"Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy."

THE SAME philosophy of helpful, creative living also underlies his major achievements. Franklin pointed out that freedom of the individual to achieve success through private, individual enterprise, carries with it the obligation to aid in the security of others less fortunate through circumstances beyond their control. He advocated insurance where "the many could share the losses of the few." He recommended old-age pensions, annuities, social security, public drives for charity and medical research, crop insurance for farmers, and the public hospital system.

Franklin's first publicized act, at the age of 16, was to start fighting for freedom of speech and press. His last public act, just before he died at 84, was an appeal for the emancipation of slaves, employment for freed Negroes and education of slave children.

Franklin's primary aim in every field of endeavor was to enlarge its horizons for the betterment of all men. He did not patent his inventions. Franklin sought no profit from his lightning rod, which he modestly gave to the public, expecting no material reward. All of his inventions to lighten labor, and his crusade for preventive medicine through research, were given freely to the world. Yet at his death, Franklin's estate was between $200,000 and $250,000 — exclusive of realty holdings. Most of his wealth went to support the schools and causes he had helped to found.

A leading French scholar said recently: "If you in America had always followed and explained the teachings of Franklin, there never would have been any Communism or even socialism in the world."

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Leaders throughout Europe, getting ready to participate in the 1956 celebrations, have expressed similar thoughts. Hence, the question arises: "Where has America failed to live up to the goals Franklin set for us?"

The answer is simple. Our two early apostles of private enterprise were Franklin and Alexander Hamilton. Both believed in the same basic system, but Hamilton asserted that the right to achieve individual success was the supreme goal in itself alone. Franklin, on the other hand, believed that it carried an obligation to help others who were less fortunate.

As time went on, both beliefs were changed to fit the temper of different individuals. Some businesses altered Hamilton's theory into the fancied right to exploit labor, build monopolies, crush competition by any practical means — in fact, as it has been called, "the survival of the fittest in industry." Other businessmen followed Franklin. But the headlines played up the "dollar barons" who put personal wealth above all other considerations.

Gradually, however, more and more businesses adopted Franklin's kind of free enterprise, without fanfare. And today, after 200 years, we are just beginning to appreciate fully the rules and obligations for Franklin's kind of free enterprise, and how it serves *all* the people, whatever their circumstances.

FRANKLIN taught that freedom of speech and press carried with it the obligation not to say or print anything that would hurt our country or the rights of any innocent individual.

Freedom of religion required that every faith would recognize the right of others to believe in another faith if they so preferred.

Freedom of opportunity and education required that it should be made available to all, without regard to class, caste, race, color, creed or sex.

Freedom of the individual to achieve success through private enterprise carried with it the obligation to aid in the security of others less fortunate.

In recognition of Franklin's teachings, America will pay him homage this year. And so will many other people throughout the world, who realize that even a dozen celebrations could not fully cover what he gave to mankind and civilization.

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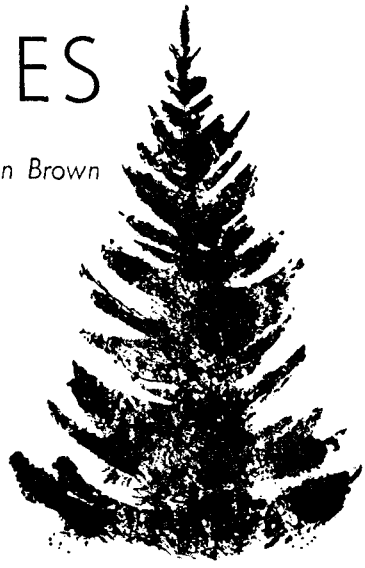
ISLE OF PINES

By June Wilcoxon Brown



THE ISLE OF PINES, nestling close to Cuba's south coast, has all the ingredients of a dream island: friendly natives, palms shading stretches of sandy beach, clear yellow sunshine and bright tropical flowers.

It has, too, a romantic element of mystery. Because it was used as the background for Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, rumors still persist of pirate treasures buried along the shores of its remote inlets.

But the island does not doze languidly in its almost perfect climate. Some of the world's finest citrus fruit is produced there, and, in early spring, ships and planes carry out loads of its fat, juicy cucumbers. Island show-places include one of the world's model prisons, as well as an enchanting jungle that was created deliberately by planting trees and plants from all corners of the earth along a beautiful little winding stream.

Besides its two most popular beaches — one with pale golden sand, the other only a few miles away with sand black as a raven's back — there are medicinal springs that attract health seekers. These mineral springs also produce a crisp, tangy drinking water for the island. Some people believe the water is the reason no one there has ever died of cancer.

Strangely, the island is not yet a tourist mecca. There are perhaps two reasons for this. First, accommodations are limited, and second, the island is definitely not for those who are out to whoop it up in fancy surroundings. There are only two native night clubs, open-air and with thatched roofs, and usually on Saturday night only does the largest hotel, the Santa Fé, have a dance. Even then most of the dancers are Pineros (as the islanders call themselves). Yet these are the reasons it is a paradise for people looking for a perfect place to rest and relax.

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Most island visitors, except those there primarily for fishing, stay at the Santa Fé Hotel. The hotel, which has about 50 rooms, sprawls leisurely in 12 acres of tropical flowers and trees and has a giant-sized swimming pool as well as thermal baths at the disposal of its guests.

Situated at the edge of the small village of Santa Fé and about 18 miles from Nueva Gerona, the capital of the island, the hotel is a pleasant place to stay. Besides swimming and sun-bathing, guests can play ping-pong, shuffleboard and horseshoes. There are bicycles, horses, and cars for jaunts around the countryside; and guides for cave exploring, mountain climbing, and sightseeing are available. Also, arrangements for fishing and quail hunting can be made.

Rancho Rockyford, near the village of Santa Barbara, and the Isle of Pines Hotel in Nueva Gerona also cater to American vacationists, but on a much smaller scale. For fishermen, there is a luxurious and expensive fishing camp at Júcaro on the river by the same name, and also one in Nueva Gerona called Casa Mañana with excellent accommodations at moderate rates. Fishing off the island is the best anywhere. Barracuda, tarpon, marlin, swordfish, sailfish and bonefish are caught in quantity.

With the exception of five small clusters of mountains that jut straight up like exclamation points, the island is flat and generously dotted with palms and tall pines. At the base of one cluster of mountains and not far from the ocean rears the imposing Presidio. The buildings for the 3,000 prisoners and the handsome houses where the employees live are painted a cheerful fresh peach yellow. There are green grass and flowers; so the place has a warm look, a sharp contrast to most cold, gray stone prisons.

THE GROUNDS and buildings inside and out are spotlessly clean, for there are no idle hands at the Presidio. The men work a full day growing their own food, preparing it and keeping the prison in good order. The discipline and organization there can be felt by even a casual visitor. The men are encouraged to work at arts and crafts and to study in the evening. In the prison's administration building there is a retail shop where articles of marble, wood, and cloth made by prisoners can be purchased. Commandant Capote is the man responsible for all of these excellent innovations.

A verification of the honesty of the law-abiding inhabitants of the Isle of Pines is the fact that only one person from there has ever been sent to the prison. The prisoners come from the mainland of Cuba.

The Pineros are noted for being

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honest and friendly people. They are quick with a smile and a "Buenas días," and ready to open their homes and their hearts to island visitors who show signs of friendship.

YOU'LL NOT FIND any signs to take you to Jones' Jungle near Santa Fé. The road is more or less a trail for a couple of miles after you leave the main road. But the jungle as well as its owner will never be forgotten once you've been there, for it is a storybook place all the way around.

Mrs. Jones, who is 81, lives alone in a thatched roof cottage that is weathered brown and gray. It snuggles under spreading trees and is surrounded by colorful shrubs and plants, with purple-flowered vines trailing down from its roof. There's a hole in the screen of the front porch which Mrs. Jones explains mustn't be stopped because a small lizard comes into the house that way every day for a bit of food.

Leading away from the house are wide, sun-speckled paths that meander under arched trees and beside the crooked little stream. Soft breezes creak the tall bamboo, and lizards scurry from beneath the exotic oriental plants, some with huge mottled red leaves, others slim and willowy. There is one tree that has contorted itself into a knot in its efforts always to reach toward the sun. There are bright green plots of bushy ferns, smelling earthy.

All the island is somewhat like Mrs. Jones, unhurried and happy. It is so uncommercialized that only a few months ago did a young American open up a souvenir shop. In keeping with the island's romantic background, he calls his shop Treasure Traders and has for sale only articles which the natives can make from local materials: palm trees, tortoise shell, sisal, and all the native woods.

Two planes operate daily from Havana to the Isle of Pines, and there is a night train from Havana to Batabanó which connects with the small ships that ply between the island and the Cuba mainland. Neither the shabby train nor the clean but cramped ship is for the fussy tourist, but the adventuresome will find the view of the island as he comes into it at dawn worth any discomfort.

Farmers —

¶ The problems they face and the forces working against them.

¶ This tremendously important subject will be discussed in our February issue.

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BOOK SECTION

WITH *this issue, the* MERCURY *commences a series of condensations of important books. Each month, the Book Section will bring you selected highlights from the most significant writing of our times.*

The Many Sides of MacArthur

From the new book, "The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur," by Frazier Hunt

Whose Academic Freedom?

From the new book, "Collectivism On the Campus," by E. Merrill Root

Why Utopias Always Fail

From the new book, "The Decline of the American Republic," by John T. Flynn

Wanted: A U.S. Department of Atomic Energy

From the new book, "Atomic Energy: A Constructive Proposal," by David Shea Teeple

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THE MANY SIDES OF MacARTHUR

By Frazier Hunt

These anecdotes from the life of MacArthur, covering the period from his cadet days at West Point to his appointment as Chief of Staff in 1930 reveal various facets of his character, and show the manner in which one loyal American grew with his duties and responsibilities until he finally achieved world stature. — THE EDITORS

During his second year at West Point, MacArthur's eyes bothered him, and while he was in the hospital his name was included in a list of "goats" who must take a special examination in mathematics. Indignantly he put on dress uniform and announced to his roommate that unless his name was removed from the obnoxious list, he would resign immediately. He would go directly to the home of the professor who was head of the department, even though his house was out of bounds for cadets and the act might lose him his chevrons as senior captain.

"Think what your father would say if you resigned so soon before graduation," his roommate argued.

"My father will agree that I did the right thing!" Douglas insisted.

The professor personally admitted him. Douglas saluted and then said that his instructor had no right to put his name on the "goat" list, and that if it were not withdrawn before classes opened next morning, he would submit his resignation from West Point. He pointed out his standing was so high that he could be marked as failing completely in the weekly test without his rating for the year being affected. The professor answered that he was not acquainted with the case, but would look into it.

Before classes next morning, a messenger came with the report that MacArthur's name had been removed from the "goat" sheet. It might seem a trifling matter, but to young MacArthur it was of the essence of personal honor. He had worked hard for four years to keep his superior scholastic record clean, and rather than have it unjustly marred by a mark of failure at the end, he was prepared to resign.

The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur, copyright 1954 by Frazier Hunt, published at $5.00 by Devin Adair Company, 23 E. 26th Street, New York, N. Y.

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II

In June 1902, when graduation exercises were over, the list of new cadet appointments was read off. There was not the slightest surprise when MacArthur's name was called out as first captain. It was the supreme military honor that West Point could give him.

He had had no serious competitor on the military side, but in the final scholastic listing for his third year, he lost his lead to Cadets Fiske and Leeds; he stood third, with his rival, U. S. Grant III, two slots below. That fall, as a first classman, he took time out to manage the football team, but when spring came he did not go out for baseball. He had satisfied his need to win his A, and the fight to recapture first place in scholarship called for his best efforts.

He had never been the slightest degree interested in being rated the most popular cadet, but he was easily the outstanding one. Only a few times in its more than 150 years of history, has the first captain stood No. 1 in scholarship. Douglas was to have this honor and the additional one of having made the highest marks registered in a quarter-century.

At the graduation exercises, his father and mother were asked to sit on the platform with the other notables, but they chose to sit to the rear of the graduating class among other parents and relatives. When the address was ended, First Captain MacArthur led the line of 93 graduates from their seats in the front rows. After he saluted and accepted his diploma, there was an outburst of applause. He turned quickly from the rostrum and instead of returning to his seat, he walked straight to the rear. He handed the diploma to his father and smiled at his mother.

Years later, in Tokyo in 1947, he was to put into words what West Point meant to him: "Nearly 48 years have gone since I joined the long grey line. As an Army 'brat' it was the fulfillment of all my boyish dreams. The world has turned over many times since that day and the dreams have long vanished with the passing years, but through the grim murk of it all, the pride and thrill of being a West Pointer has never dimmed. And as I near the end of the road, what I felt when I was sworn in on The Plain so long ago I can still say — 'that is my greatest honor.' "

III

One of the pranks of MacArthur's days at Fort Leavenworth had to do with the officers' ball team on which Douglas played and which he helped manage, and with the annual visit of the ball club of the Kansas City Country Club. At the first of the series of games on the post, the Leavenworth strategy was to entertain the visitors so lavishly with food

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and drink at luncheon that they were roundly beaten.

The following year the Kansas City contingent ate and drank heartily, but secretly held back from the feast some of their best players. This time they overwhelmed the Army team. The score in the series was now even.

At the luncheon preceding the third game, MacArthur humorously introduced two presentable young men as recent graduates who had been stars on the West Point team. It was observed that the young officers had little to say, and the game had become a whopping victory for the Army before it was discovered that the alleged young West Pointers were a pair of Texas "ringers" imported at the cost of a $20 bill — when $20 was considerable money.

IV

In 1917, two days before Christmas, General Pershing appeared at Rainbow Division headquarters for his initial inspection. At Camp Mills, Colonel MacArthur had lifted an enterprising young second lieutenant, Walter B. Wolf, from the field artillery and attached him to his staff as a sort of fifth wheel. Wolf, who hailed from Chicago, had been a *cum laude* and crewman at Yale, and his alert and loyal mind fulfilled MacArthur's rather sharp requirements.

On this cold pre-Christmas day in France, when Pershing told MacArthur he wanted to drive around the training area, MacArthur chose Wolf to lead off in a motorcycle sidecar. Unfortunately Wolf overran a turn, and Pershing's black Rolls Royce had to back-and-fill to get turned around and onto the proper road.

Pershing opened the door of his car and berated the unfortunate Wolf for his error. He was a master at this sort of thing, and the rather diffident Wolf was getting nowhere in his attempt at explanation.

"I must share at least half the blame, sir," MacArthur broke in. "Lieutenant Wolf has been on almost constant duty at headquarters and he has had little opportunity to learn every detail of these roads. I am the one really responsible."

Pershing grunted his acceptance, and in Wolf, MacArthur won a devoted friend for life.

V

A number of times American units in France, preparing for night raids or undergoing heavy shelling, suddenly found Colonel MacArthur in their midst, a tall, serious figure in a barracks cap, with a riding crop under his left arm and a quiet word of approval on his lips. As a result of his personal leadership in one of these raids, General DeBazelaire on February 26 recommended MacArthur for a Croix de Guerre. It was his first combat medal.

The second came March 9 when

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he accompanied a heavy daylight raid by French units and two companies of the 168th Iowa, which 18 years before had served under his father in the Philippines as the 51st Iowa Volunteers. The desperate little affair brought Colonel MacArthur his first Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest battle decoration his nation could give.

The misty, half-rainy March days were ideal for the Germans to lay down poison gas barrages. There were no frightening explosions but only a subdued warning whistle and then a queer dull thud as the thin outside casings broke apart and the deadly gas escaped.

MacArthur, roaming the damp and dangerous front areas, stepped into a saturated spot. Wolf, now a captain and acting adjutant, managed to get him back to his own quarters. He wanted to take him to the hospital, but MacArthur refused and would not even let him send for the surgeon. It might mean that he would be separated from his command, and he believed that an officer's place was with his troops.

Save for passing through Paris on a troop train, he never entered that city, nor did he indulge himself in a single day's leave during the full year and a half he was in France.

VI

Since dawn on the day of June 21, Colonel MacArthur and Captain Wolf had been on the loading ramps that led to the open doors of the tiny horse-and-soldier cars strung out in the railroad yards at Charmes. Around 2 in the afternoon, General Pershing and some of his staff strode up the ramp. Apparently they had been inspecting the arriving columns, with their battle-scarred wagons and artillery trains moving toward the several loading points.

Pershing was a dozen feet away when he turned loose his crisp, hard voice on MacArthur. Soldiers and junior officers busy on the ramp were close at hand, but there was no effort by the Commanding General of the A.E.F. to keep his words from their ears.

"This division is a disgrace!" he barked. "The men are poorly disciplined and they are not properly trained. The whole outfit is just about the worst I have seen!"

MacArthur was aghast. It was rough enough to come under the direct ire of the Commanding General in private, but there were others here to listen to every word spoken.

"MacArthur," continued Pershing, "I'm going to hold you personally responsible for getting discipline and order into this division. I'm going to hold you personally responsible for correcting measures with the officers at fault. I won't stand for this. It's a disgrace!"

"Yes, sir!" MacArthur answered as he saluted.

Pershing gave him no chance to explain. The division had been in the muck and misery of the line for

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almost three months. It had just marched 60 kilometers through mud. But Pershing wanted no explanations. He turned on his heel and stamped off the ramp.

MacArthur's face flushed, then drained of blood until it was gray. He could not believe what he had heard and seen. Without a word he walked toward the little town, its narrow streets crowded with men and transport of his division — his disgraced division.

Wolf walked by his side. MacArthur spoke no word. Finally, half-exhausted, he took a seat on a bench in the tiny green square. Twilight was descending, and from the rear came the shouts of men loading animals and guns and caissons. Then he began to talk. The division would suffer now. It would be discriminated against. It was utterly unfair.

Wolf tried to make clear that this was Pershing's way, the technique of his rugged discipline. Then why, MacArthur demanded, had he not done it quietly and then waited for an explanation? What could Pershing have against him? Could it be some ancient grudge he might have held against his father?

Never did MacArthur find the answer.

VII

During the summer of 1919, MacArthur was the new superintendent at West Point. He sat with the Academic Board and thrashed out the scores of problems that had to do with a complete redrafting and modernizing of the various courses. General March had not exaggerated when he had called West Point 40 years behind the times.

At once MacArthur met considerable opposition from several older men on the faculty who looked upon him as a brilliant upstart and outsider. For some weeks MacArthur quietly endured their opposition. One of the senior academic colonels especially irritated him by his sniping tactics. At the opening of one particular session, MacArthur had barely finished outlining a new idea when the colonel jumped to his feet and began his objections. It was a little more than MacArthur could stand.

"Sit down, sir!" he roared. "I'm talking!" And then he gave his offending subordinate a dressing-down the like of which the Academic Board conference room had never before witnessed.

VIII

A number of years later, when MacArthur was Military Advisor to the President of the Philippine Commonwealth, he outlined some of his original ideas in answer to a letter from a young captain who had just been appointed assistant professor in the English Department at West Point. Time apparently had little changed the fundamental concep-

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tion he had initiated some years before.

"You were good enough to ask my opinion with reference to the objectives of the English Course at West Point. It is unquestionably to so train the cadet that he can clearly and lucidly present his basic thoughts and ideas. It is not the mission of the English Course to create or control those ideas, but it is its clear function to provide him with the medium through which he can present his views in an intelligent and even forcible manner.

"No man can hope to rise to distinction who cannot do this and no man, however humble his position, should fail to be able to do so. It is the very medium in which modern civilization lives. It is almost like the air you breathe. Without it a man may have the finest judgment in the world, he may be even wise as Solomon, and yet his influence will be practically negligible.

"The accomplishment of such a purpose is not confined to proper grammatical, rhetorical or phonetical grouping of words into sentences and paragraphs. There must be the logical connection between the thought in a man's brain and the ability to present it in clear language. How to accomplish this is the detailed duty of your new department.

"When I was Superintendent, I outlined at much greater length than this letter what I expected to accomplish from the English Department and left the ways and means to that department. The success attained did not even approximate to what I had in mind and I have always felt that there was great room for ingenuity and constructive effort along those lines at West Point. In many ways I regard it as the most important department there, and certainly if it could fulfill the objective I have named above, it would be beyond doubt the most useful. The pen is still mightier than the sword."

IX

When President Harding entered the White House on March 4, 1921, the atmosphere surrounding the War Department at once changed notably as far as MacArthur at West Point was concerned. John W. Weeks replaced Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War, and Pershing succeeded March as Chief of Staff. March was not even permitted to finish out his customary four-year tour of duty.

The old Chaumont crowd from France now held down many of the key desks in the War Department and General Staff.

Some of them brought to their new jobs their old resentment against MacArthur, now aggravated by the fact that a number of them had lost their war grades and that MacArthur now ranked them. They had been GHQ men in the war and were still Pershing men, and

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they were envious of the single star that MacArthur wore.

But he had plenty to worry about in the great shift of West Point from a hidebound military school to a modern college. His own life continued to be as austere as it had been. Most of his evenings were spent alone in his study in the superintendent's rambling old house. He had started pretty much as a lone wolf, and as a lone wolf he would continue.

In an outburst of confidence, he once said to Colonel Danford: "When a man gets to be a general officer, he has no friends."

X

Now and again his driver would motor him to New York for some special dinner or theater party. As he returned late one night, and his car was slowly making its way along the narrow roads on the west bank of the Hudson, a man stepped out from the woods and with a flashlight waved the automobile to a stop. Suddenly he drew a pistol and covered the driver and the General.

"Hand over your money!" he ordered.

"Holdup, huh?" MacArthur questioned.

He was told to dig up his purse and get busy about it. MacArthur was deliberate in his answer.

"You don't get it as easy as that," he said calmly. "I've got around $40 in my purse, but you'll have to whip me to get it. I'm coming out of this car, and I'll fight you for it."

The stick-up man waved his pistol and threatened to shoot. MacArthur shook his head.

"Sure you can shoot me," he went on. "But if you do, they'll run you down and you'll fry in the Big House down below. Put up that gun, and I'll come out and fight you fair and square for my purse."

Almost as an afterthought he added: "My name is MacArthur, and I live —"

The man let down the hammer of his gun. "My God! why didn't you tell me that in the first place! . . . Why, I was in the Rainbow. I was a sergeant in Wild Bill Donovan's outfit. Why, General, I'm sorry. I apologize."

MacArthur ordered his chauffeur to drive on. And when he arrived at West Point, he made no effort to notify the State Police.

XI

In the middle of February 1923, after MacArthur had been sent to Manila, a cable arrived from his sister-in-law, Mary McCulla MacArthur, that Mother MacArthur was desperately ill and that the physicians thought she had not long to live. Immediately plans were made to leave on the first ship.

For a number of years, Mrs. Arthur MacArthur had been in more or less precarious health. The long and trying tours in isolated frontier

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posts had left their mark on her. Early in the days when her son was superintendent at West Point, she had suffered from an attack of vertigo and had been confined in the post hospital.

One morning the post surgeon called at MacArthur's office and solemnly told him he thought his mother could not live more than a few days or weeks at the most. Her heart might play out at any moment.

MacArthur thanked him, and that noon before lunch, he walked to the hospital. He was upset, but he believed that the surgeon's diagnosis was wrong. He felt that he knew his mother and the strength of her courageous spirit far better than the army doctor. Only once or twice in his life did he ever tell the story:

"When I came into her room, I patted her on the back and appeared highly elated. I told her that I had the finest news in the world for her; the doctor had just told me that she had a strong heart, and that she could leave the hospital anytime she wanted to. In less than a week I had her home with me, despite the doctor's dire prophecies.

"Fifteen years later I was by her bedside when she died."

XII

Soon after MacArthur had taken over command in the Philippines, the adjutant general of the Department came to him with a thick volume of mimeographed sheets and explained that the staff had gathered a collection of all the precedents that had been established by the various commanding generals so that MacArthur would know what to do, no matter what the problem might be.

MacArthur lifted the bulky volume. "It's a tremendous job you have done," he said. "How many copies of this are there?"

"Exactly six, sir," the officer answered.

MacArthur looked him straight in the eyes and there was no smile when he said: "Well, you get all those six copies together and burn them — every one of them! I'll not be bound by precedents. Any time a problem comes up, I'll make the decision at once — immediately!"

XIII

Not long after MacArthur arrived in the Philippines as commander, it came to his attention that on the three-decker boats that shuttled back and forth between Corregidor and Manila, the top deck was reserved for American officers and their families, and the lower decks were for American enlisted men and their families, and for enlisted and civilian Filipinos.

The civilian engineer on Corregidor who knew most about the secret installations on the rock citadel was a Spanish soldier who had gone over to the Americans in 1898. This engineer could ride on the top deck, but

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his fine Filipino wife and children were relegated to the lower deck. When a U.S. colonel asked the provost marshal on Corregidor to correct this injustice, the officer told him that the regulations regarding boat decks could not be changed.

When MacArthur heard of this, he sent for the coast artillery officer who commanded Corregidor.

"But the regulations are clear," the officer argued.

MacArthur blazed out: "You change them at once. Understand, at once!"

XIV

In Washington in the spring of 1931, after MacArthur had been Chief of Staff six months, the pacifist problem seemed to reach a minor climax in a questionnaire circulated among some 53,000 Protestant clergymen by S. Parkes Cadman, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Daniel A. Poling and seven others through the auspices of *The World Tomorrow*, a powerful church weekly. One question was: "Do you believe that the Churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war?"

Of the 19,372 replies received, 12,076 (62 percent) expressed the opinion that the churches should not support any future war.

Another question read: "Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant?" To this 10,427 — or 54 percent — answered that they would not sanction war nor participate in it.

The result of the poll was published in the May, 1931, issue of the magazine. The June issue was devoted almost entirely to a series of articles by notable pacifists then in America, including the German refugee Albert Einstein. In a more critical section appeared a long letter from MacArthur.

"My predominant feeling with reference to the majority of replies received by your paper from 19,372 clergymen is that of surprise; surprise at the knowledge that so many of the clergymen of this country have placed themselves on record as repudiating in advance the constitutional obligations that will fall upon them equally with all other elements of our citizenship in supporting this country in case of need.

"To exercise privilege without assuming attending responsibility and obligation is to occupy a position of license, a position apparently sought by men who avail themselves of the privileges conferred by our democracy upon its citizens, but who, in effect, proclaim their willingness to see this nation perish rather than participate in its defense.

"The question of war and peace is one that rests, under our form of government, in Congress. In exercising this authority, Congress voices the will of the majority, whose right to rule is the cornerstone upon which

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our governmental edifice is built. Under the Constitution, its pronouncement on such a question is final, and is obligatory upon every citizen of the United States.

"That men who wear the cloth of the Church should openly defend repudiation of the laws of the land, with the necessary implications and ramifications arising from such a general attitude toward our statutes, seems almost unbelievable. It will certainly hearten every potential or actual criminal and malefactor who either has or contemplates breaking some other law. . . .

"Perhaps the greatest privilege of our country, which indeed was the genius of its foundation, is religious freedom. Religious freedom, however, can exist only as long as government survives. To render our country helpless would invite destruction, not only of our political and economic freedoms, but also of our religous freedom. . . .

"Any organization which opposes the defense of the homeland and the principles hallowed by the blood of our ancestors, which sets up internationalism in the place of patriotism, which teaches the passive submission of right to the forces of the predatory strong, cannot prevail against the demonstrated staunchness of our position. . . ."

This was the beginning of the fight that MacArthur waged during the years he remained in Washington.

Almost exactly a year after his letter to the religious journal, he addressed the graduating class at the University of Pittsburgh. A small radical group had planned an anti-war demonstration and protest against his appearance, and a number of students were actually engaged in starting a mass protest when police appeared and arrested three of them. MacArthur was able to deliver his address uninterrupted. He said in part:

"Pacifism and its bedfellow Communism are all about us. In the theater, newspaper and magazines, pulpits and lecture halls, schools and colleges, it hangs like a mist before the face of America, organizing the forces of unrest and undermining the moral of the working man.

Day by day this canker eats deeper into the body politic. For the sentimentalism and emotionalism which have infested our country, we should substitute hard, common sense. Pacifist habits do not insure peace or immunity. . . ."

It was June 9, 1932, when he spoke these prophetic words. The Bonus Marchers were already beginning to drift into Washington.

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WHOSE ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

By E. Merrill Root

DR. ALEXANDER ST. IVANYI of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, before taking a public stand against the Communist, Dr. Dirk Jan Struik, was invited to lecture at 25 colleges a year. After his patriotic action, he received no invitations. And after Dr. St. Ivanyi's contract with MIT was not renewed, no other college asked this eminent teacher to join its faculty.

◈ Dr. William T. Couch, full professor and librarian at the University of Chicago, was curtly dismissed because he felt it his duty to publish a well-documented book which the so-called liberals opposed.

◈ *The Crown*, student paper at Queens College, New York, smeared Dr. Kenneth W. Colegrove for testifying against Communists before the McCarran Committee while in the same issues it defended and glorified the Fifth Amendment professors, Dr. Oscar Shaftel and Dr. Vera Shlakman.

◈ Dr. Frank Richardson, of the University of Nevada, was ousted because he opposed "progressive" education, and had to be re-instated by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State.

◈ Dr. A. H. Hobbs of the University of Pennsylvania, was denied earned promotion because, in two competent books, he exposed collectivism in our textbooks.

◈ Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, when President of Vassar College in 1938, declared in public that the ideology of Marx and Engels is "the most complete and the nearest to straight thinking of any modern ideologies."

◈ Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, while President of the University of Chicago (at which such apologists of Sovietism as Dr. Oscar Lange and Dr. Frederick L. Schuman taught), stated: "As a matter of fact, I have never been able to find a Red professor."

◈ Dr. Henry M. Wriston, President of Brown University, wrote of Senator Jenner and Representative Velde: "They exhibit lack of faith in the American family, the American church, and the manifold agencies of enlightenment — since the investigators appear to believe that a few Communists infiltrated in a few institutions can overcome all these stabilizing influences."

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WHY UTOPIAS ALWAYS FAIL

By John T. Flynn

The idea of social revolution has an immense and explosive appeal to a certain type of intellectual. I do not, of course, imply that all persons of large intellectual caliber are seduced by this fuzzy philosophy. I do say that it is an occupational disease of intellectualism. Silicosis is an occupational disease of coal miners, but only a fraction of them succumb.

It is probable that the vast majority of so-called intellectuals are well balanced, sober-minded people who do their work with interest and satisfaction without any disturbance in their mental balance. One frustrating condition, of course, is the comparatively small financial return to workers in the field of the mind — teachers especially, as well as journalists and a large number of writers and run-of-the-mill scientists.

There are among these persons a number who resent the disparity in the salary of the professor of philosophy or history compared with the unlearned member of the board of trustees or the school board who earns as much as half a dozen teachers put together. There is something wrong, they feel, in a society which pays $50,000 to a bank president and only $6,000 to a professor of economics or English poetry.

There is another mental disturbance involved in this problem. It is sometimes the case that a gentleman who knows how to split an atom or even compose a majestic symphony or write a book of poems of passion, may suppose that he also knows how to construct a model society on some new and gentler plan — and rule it as well. One does not run into many authentic poets who assume that their peculiar power enables them to split the atom or even understand what it is. But as every man in a free society is a citizen, he is at liberty to suppose that the role of citizenship itself qualifies him to rule or, even more, to divert himself in the intoxicating pastime of social architecture.

The dynamic appeal in this idea cannot be understood unless we realize that it is not new and that it antedates Marx by many centuries. The building and direction of the State throughout the ages has been considered a department of philosophy by the philosophers. It is a fact that all during human history, society has consisted of the herd and the shepherd — the masses, and the

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monarch and lords and warriors who understood the methods of acquiring power.

The intellectual, if he was present, served the warrior. There were in most early civilized societies intellectuals who gagged at this rule of the knight and the soldier. Hence they dreamed of the perfect commonwealth where they would rule the herd. The herd would be better off, not because it acquired the right to rule itself, but because of the benevolent mastership of the philosophers.

Perhaps the most famous of these mythical heavens was Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." More was a philosopher and a dreamer who went to the block because he refused to yield to the policies of Henry VIII after the monarch's break with Rome. In his treatise, More introduced us to a mythical navigator, Raphael Hythloday, who discovered a fabled communist island society called Utopia.

THE PEOPLE divided their time between agriculture and industry, the whole product going into warehouses, whence each family could withdraw its share of goods. There would be no hoarding, no covetousness, no gold or silver. All ate ample meals in a common hall to which the diners were summoned by the trumpet. Children were cared for in nurseries. Every 30 families chose a magistrate, and each ten magistrates chose an over-magistrate who served for life and who chose a philosopher-prince who also ruled for life.

Not long after More, Sir Francis Bacon created another earthly paradise ruled by a "philosopher king." Bacon, described as "the wisest and meanest of mankind," came up with a solution closely akin to that of More, who could be justly described as among the wisest and kindest of mankind. Bacon, in retirement because of his conviction of bribery, conjured out of the mystic seas his own island — New Atlantis. The center of this paradise was Salomon's House, a laboratory where chosen students pursued the search for truth and constituted the *ruling aristocracy of the island.*

About the same time other Utopias sprouted — one in Italy and one in Germany. Thomas Campanella, an Italian monk, brought up from the deep a fabled island discovered by a fabled mariner — the perfect society known as the City of the Sun. Here the people were poor, because they possessed nothing, but rich because they wanted for nothing. The State was supreme and its powers were deposited with an *aristocracy of learning*. Here there was progressive education, to be discovered later by John Dewey. The City had seven walls on which were presented pictorially the seven regions of knowledge, so that the little children would inhale their education painlessly without going to school as they strolled the streets.

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JOHANN VALENTIN ANDREAE came up with a German version of a communist heaven known as Christianopolis. The Rulers of the City — the Commissars — would determine the needs of all for a given period, whereupon the mechanics and farmers would produce them under the direction of the Commissars — representatives of religion, justice and learning — the Commissariat of the Philosophers.

The last quarter of the 18th century and the first quarter of the 19th produced the most extraordinary eruption in history of what have come to be known as Eggheads. The Egghead has been defined by Louis Bromfield as a character who pretends to the title of philosopher — a sort of professional intellectual — dedicated to the theory that the Eggheads are the appointees of destiny who will bring something known in the intellectual trade as "security" to a creature known as the "common man," in return for which he will deliver himself to the management of a society managed by the Eggheads. The society of the Eggheads today embraces Communists, socialists, rudimentary fascists, along with their wives and certain rich men's sons and daughters, and even some corporate vice-presidents.

Near the end of the 17th century, the Age of Reason was dawning and presently the Age of the Machine would appear. The shape of the Western World would change and a newer and somewhat more rational breed of social architects would also enter the arena of ideas. (They) would toy with the idea of transforming great commonwealths into communist gardens of abundance and peace.

There still were, however, dreamy philosophers making blueprints for small communities like Utopia.

Étienne Cabet was a lawyer who entered the French Chamber of Deputies. He invented a mathematically precise heaven called Icaria, a commonwealth divided into 100 small provinces, each province into ten communes. The capital of Icaria would be in the exact mathematical center. Each block would have 15 houses. The streets would be straight, the sidewalks covered with roofs of glass. The State would own all agricultural and industrial units and manage all. All would dress alike, including the women.

Education would begin at five and end at 18 for the boys and 17 for the girls, and all would work until they reached 65. Literature would be rigidly censored. Of course, the inhabitants would choose their governors from among the technicians. These would constitute a Dictatorship of the Technicians.

Cabet felt his plan would require 50 years to complete in France. Blocked in that highly policed country, he decided, in 1848, to launch his experiment in — of all places — Texas. He actually gathered 1,500 pilgrims for his paradise.

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The Icarians, however, turned out to be human beings and began to behave as such. The first victim was harmony and Icaria dissolved.

It taxes belief to witness these masterpieces of credulity launched by men of great intelligence, but all convinced that the erection and direction of society is the peculiar mission of the philosopher, with a growing admission to the ranks of power of persons vaguely defined as technicians. These men were not fools. Many were men of great intelligence and some were driven by generous dreams of a better world.

BUT THERE is a little screw somewhere near the center of the intellect which holds all its functions together in harmony so that a man may dream, yet dream within reason. When that little screw gets loose, the imagination, the reason, the senses of order, balance and proportion, seemingly begin revolving in contrary and eccentric orbits with amazing results.

Utopianism was not an 18-century disease. There are many among us today deeply infected with it. Take the case of Henry Wallace, a perfect example of a devotee of the cult of "intellectualism." He has toyed in his time with almost every religion, having, in his search for peace, probed Buddhism, Confucianism and other cults. He told the Federal Council of Churches that perhaps we should be moving toward something like the theocracies of old. He finally got tangled with a curious old wandering mystic named Roerich, who concocted a hash of yogiism and various other Oriental cults.

A whole collection of well-to-do American mystics gathered around Roerich, who was addressed as the Guru. One of the disciples, a Wall Street broker, built a temple for him — a $1,100,000 apartment house in which the first four or five floors were dedicated to the administrations of the Guru. Roerich decided to go to Asia to establish a new state in Siberia.

And to make the journey financially possible, at the expense of the American taxpayer, Wallace, as Secretary of Agriculture, commissioned the grotesque old faker to go to China to collect wild grass seed. But some difficulties intervened and while Roerich was in Asia, Wallace backslid and fired him.

This curious adventure took place here in our own time and country in a group led by a man who was Vice President of the United States, and missed becoming President by only a few votes.

It is a fact (the significance and influence of which cannot be ignored) that at the base of all schemes of social reconstruction — from Plato to Marx — runs the idea of the *Soviet of the Intellectuals*. This pinpoints sharply the curious evil in this strange theory. First, it contemplates a society fully planned in its operations by an organized body of philosophers and administered by

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them. Of course, this proposal ignores the solid fact that such a society or any other, when set up, will be administered not by philosophers but by politicians who possess the special talent for getting and holding power. The philosophers who created this formidable engine of power will probably all be in flight from the country or in jail.

The most illuminating episode in this weird history is to be found in our own country in that curious madness called Fourierism. Charles Fourier (1772–1837) was a traveling salesmen in France. He discovered that the earth was passing out of its infancy and he contrived a plan to usher in 70,000 glorious years for mankind, when lions would be used as draft animals and whales would draw vessels through the seas. He proposed to reorganize society into groups called Phalanxes — small communities of from 400 to 2,000 inhabitants each.

A central building — the phalanstery — would be surrounded by a purely agricultural community. Workers would dine in a central hall on meals prepared in a community kitchen. Each inhabitant would produce enough from his 18th to his 28th birthday to support him in comfort the rest of his life. This society would be headed by a Unarch, and all the Phalanxes would be united under an Omniarch residing in Constantinople. The millennium, however, would not appear for ten years.

The most amazing aspect of this movement was not its weird simplicity, but that it crossed the ocean to America and commanded the support of many of the foremost writers and artists in this country. Its most noted convert was Horace Greeley, founder of the New York *Tribune*, who ran for the Presidency against Grant and polled 2,834,000 votes to Grant's 3,597,000. Greeley was recruited into the Fourierist movement by Albert Brisbane, a journalist who was engaged by Greeley to write for the *Tribune* about this new fenced-in heaven.

Another convert was Parke Godwin, later a famous associate editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, and George Ripley, literary editor of the *Tribune*, also enlisted for this new paradise. Societies were formed to promote the new great dream and held a national convention in 1840 in which Greeley, Dana, Ripley and others took a leading part.

THE INTELLECTUAL center of this movement was the Transcendental Club in Boston, the most exclusive rendezvous of America's intellectual world. There Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, William Ellery Channing, the great Unitarian divine, Ripley, literary critic and encyclopedist, John S. Dwight, poet and music lover, Ralph Waldo Emerson and, among the women, Elizabeth Peabody and the famous and beautiful Margaret Fuller,

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breathed into the movement the inspiration of their flaming souls and their wide intellectual influence.

However, this enterprise required more than a soul. Hence Ripley bought a 200-acre tract not far from Boston, and on it the first Phalanx was formed, known as the Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education. Here its happy denizens would get employment according to taste, free education, medical care, baths, dancing and music, lectures and discussions and — of course — very short working hours. In addition to the Brook Farm Phalanx, others were started at Red Bank, New Jersey, and one or two other spots. The phalanstery at Brook Farm was nearing completion when it was destroyed by fire. Thus the great adventure vanished — ended by one fire.

It is an interesting fact that this curious blueprint of an earthly heaven fired the imaginations of what might be called the intellectual elite of America. Emerson wrote to Carlyle in England: "We are a little wild here with numberless projects of a social reform — not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket." It was the same in England. Social conditions cried aloud for reform and many serious and practical men were busy at that. But there was the same gaudy, giddy experimentation in transcendental economics, played up in song and poetry.

The root idea at the bottom of this long history of reckless blueprinting from Plato to Aneurin Bevan, Henry Wallace and their disciples such as Dr. James Conant, Dr. Robert Oppenheimer and the essayists of the floundering *Nation*, the *New Republic* and the *Daily Worker*, is that social planning is the peculiar mission of the poet, the playwright and the novelist, the scientist and the teacher generally. In the last 20 years in America, this disease has run like a scourge through our colleges and journals of opinion.

The bursting egotism of the intellectual collegian, sensitive to this subject and supposing that his diploma confers on him authority to seize the world by the scruff of the neck and shake it into good behavior, may be seen in the following chant by one of our most intrepid New Deal intellectuals as he left the campus at Columbia and charged into the battle with his war song on his lips:

I am strong.
I am big and well made.
I am sick of a nation's stenches.
I am sick of propertied czars.
I have dreamed my great dream of their passing.
I have gathered my tools and my charts.
My plans are finished and practical.
I shall roll up my sleeves — and make America over.

The singer of this song was young Mr. Rexford Tugwell, who inevitably found himself, with his charts

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and tools, as Under Secretary of Agriculture under Wallace, who himself was equipped with no end of fantastic charts and tools. But this brash and exultant proclamation of authority and capacity to blueprint the economic life of a vast nation is not confined to the young collegian. Recently, Dr. Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution, informed us that what this country needs is a "natural aristocracy" — a minority of eminent intellectuals who will plan our political and economic lives.

This curious cult of the "Soviet of the Intellectuals" has persisted through the centuries — this fatuous notion that because a man knows how to split an atom, hunt down viruses, write an ode or compose a symphony, he is best qualified to undertake the rule of nations. There can be no doubt that the intellectual descendants of that curious company of brilliant quacks who presided over the rise and fall of the great phalanstery at Brook Farm can still be found in quantity in the groves of Harvard today.

Recommended Reading

1. *The Decline of the American Republic and How to Rebuild It.* — John T. Flynn
2. *The United Nations: Planned Tyranny.* — V. Orval Watts
3. *Secret of Happiness* — Reverend Billy Graham
4. *America's Retreat from Victory. The Story of General George Marshall.* — Senator Joe McCarthy
5. *The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur.* — Frazier Hunt
6. *Atomic Energy: A Constructive Proposal.* — David Teeple
7. *What Price Israel?* — Alfred Lillienthal
8. *Life Is Worth Living.* — Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
9. *Collectivism on the Campus: The Battle for the Mind in American Colleges.* — E. Merrill Root
10. *Unconditional Hatred.* — Captain Russell Grenfell
11. *Make Each Day Count.* — Reverend James Keller

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WANTED: A U.S. DEPARTMENT OF ATOMIC ENERGY

By David Shea Teeple

Atomic energy is the people's business. In a political system where public policy is established as a result of free elections, it is necessary that the electorate maintain control in those areas where the security, health, and general welfare of the people are concerned.

The Atomic Energy Commission has an operating budget in excess of one billion dollars. The people of the United States have an investment of twelve billion dollars in the enterprise, and an existing capital, plant and facilities of about five and one half billion dollars. For comparison, this is one and one half that of the total investment in plant and equipment of the United States Steel Corporation.

The term "one billion dollars" staggers the imagination. People understand the meaning of ten dollars or a hundred dollars, but who can conceive of a stack of twenty-dollar bills almost as high as Pikes Peak? This would be about one billion dollars. Who can imagine a stack of thousand-dollar bills as high as the Washington Monument? This is a billion dollars. Twelve billion dollars is a lot of money.

In 1953, the Federal appropriation for the AEC was twenty times that of the State Department and exceeded that of the Department of Agriculture by almost a billion dollars.

Without any dispute, it can be fairly stated that the atomic-energy project is one of the more gigantic undertakings of our government. If there were no other cogent reason, the very quantity of money involved would demand that the administration of this project be assigned one of the highest positions in our political structure.

We have many other independent agencies of the Federal government, but with the exception of the Veterans' Administration, there is no independent agency that approaches the AEC in the expenditure of public funds.

One indication of the vastness of the enterprise is that the land area alone of the installations at Los

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Alamos, Hanford, Idaho Falls, Savannah River and Oak Ridge totals 1,124,480 acres, an area approximating the size of Delaware. In addition, the AEC has large holdings at Brookhaven, Paducah, Argonne, Ames, Sandia, Rocky Flats, Knolls Laboratory, Mound Laboratory, and the weapons test sites in Nevada and the Pacific. The total land area involved is about 3,200 square miles, roughly comparable in size to Delaware *and* Rhode Island.

As far as personnel are concerned, the 142,000 Federal and contractor employees of the Commission exceed the number employed by any executive department, except that of National Defense and the Post Office.

It is so self-evident that the AEC vitally affects the national defense and security that this point can be disposed of quickly. Never before in the history of the world have the professional soldiers, sailors and airmen been forced to look to a civilian commission for the weapons they need to do their job.

When the Navy wanted an atomic submarine, it had to secure the blessing of the Commission. Only the AEC was in a position to state whether or not the development of such a weapon was technically feasible and whether the fissionable material could be diverted for that use. When the Army asked for an atomic cannon, the Commission granted that request and eventually came up with such a weapon.

It could be that other requests, possibly of great significance to our national defense, have not been so favorably acted upon.

The incontrovertible fact is that today, as never before, the capability of our armed forces to wage offensive and defensive warfare depends upon the deliberations of a commission and that in these deliberations, the armed services have only a liaison and appellate function. It seems utterly logical, therefore, that the agency charged with these tremendous responsibilities should be accorded Cabinet status under our present system of government.

SINCE the dropping of the first atomic weapon at Hiroshima in 1945, no international agreement for mutual defense and assistance has been consummated by this government without evaluating the importance and the possible utilization of our atomic stockpile of weapons in preventing aggression.

In other areas of foreign relations, the impact of the AEC's activities is felt also. One of the greatest diplomatic struggles of our time, quietly going on behind the scenes, is the search for raw material suitable for the atomic program. International relations with the Belgians, the British, and others concern the procurement of uranium and form a significant portion of our foreign policy. Agreements with Brazil, India, and others for the procurement of monazite and thorium are important.

One has only to examine the daily

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log of visitors to the AEC to call the roll of free nations in the world today. Atomic energy is international in scope and impact, and its influence on our State Department and on the President must not be underestimated.

THE MOST important industry of the United States is its agriculture. The production of food and fiber is the keystone of our entire society.

Dr. W. Ralph Singleton, senior geneticist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, gave some indication of the importance to be attached to AEC activities in agriculture when testifying before the subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy in April 1954. He stated: "I might preface my remarks by saying that I firmly believe that the science of radiation genetics will soon become one of the most important events in the history of agriculture, and may far outshine such historic events as the development of hybrid corn."

There can be no doubt that as we explore the problems of photosynthesis with advanced tracer techniques, information is going to be discovered which will be of great value to the farmers of this country.

The magnitude of the AEC program is illustrated by the testimony of the general manager before the House Appropriations Committee in which he stated that the AEC, as of December 31, 1953, had 893 prime contracts of $25,000 or over, and 3,239 subcontracts of $25,000 or over.

The figure is difficult to imagine, but in one year the AEC and its contractors negotiate in the neighborhood of 300,000 contracts.

It seems as though everything in connection with atomic energy is breath-taking, and certainly the ordinary and usually prosaic field of construction is no different. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the AEC construction costs for the fiscal year 1954 were 3.4 percent of the entire national construction costs. It is somewhat staggering to realize that out of every $100 of construction in the United States during this period, over $3 was spent by the AEC.

Surely it is not necessary to spell out the implications to our domestic economy of this fact, the impact on suppliers, manufacturers, fabrics, building-equipment industries, railroad loadings, and the like. Only those who have seen the construction towns can visualize the magnitude of the operation. Certainly this is the people's business.

Do the people of the United States realize that the AEC soon will use more electrical energy than the combined capacity of the New England states? Do the people realize that, according to the general manager of the AEC, the power needs of Oak Ridge alone exceeded in 1952 the power needs of the entire state of Texas?

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Power policy is fraught with politics. Does anyone believe that one agency, using ten or twelve percent of the national total product, can swim in these troubled waters and not get wet?

The entire question of the development of nuclear power is charged with the public interest. It raises political questions of the greatest magnitude, and the decisions should be made at the highest governmental levels.

One of the most astounding features of the effect of the activities of the AEC on our nation is the fact that through the establishment or relocation of AEC facilities, it could be possible for this nonpolitical agency vitally to affect the economic and political complexion of thinly-populated states.

In a state like Montana or Wyoming or Idaho, for example, where elections are won and lost regularly by a few thousand votes, the location of an AEC installation with 5,000 employees and their families would have far-reaching political consequences. Because of the technical nature of most AEC plant operations, the majority of the permanent workers are not native to the region. Such an influx of voters could cause changes which might otherwise never occur.

Consider, for instance, the tremendous economic impact upon the state of South Carolina when the AEC selected the location for the Savannah River plant at Aiken. The construction and equipment represent an investment of $1,500,000,000 of government money. For comparison, it must be understood that locating the plant in South Carolina is the equivalent of moving the real estate, plant, and equipment of the entire Bethlehem Steel Corporation to South Carolina, since their dollar value is about the same.

THE MORE one examines the facts concerning atomic energy and the AEC, the more logical and desirable it seems that this agency be made an executive department. Eventually it is hoped that the logic of this proposal will appeal to all Americans, because it is necessary in the national defense that we eliminate the administrative morass which we have constructed around the atom, and integrate our atomic-energy program into our political structure in a manner consistent with our heritage and experience.

To accomplish the desired change, it is necessary that prompt action be initiated by the executive and legislative branches of our government to accord atomic energy the position to which it is rightfully entitled. What we need is a U.S. Department of Atomic Energy — and we need it now!

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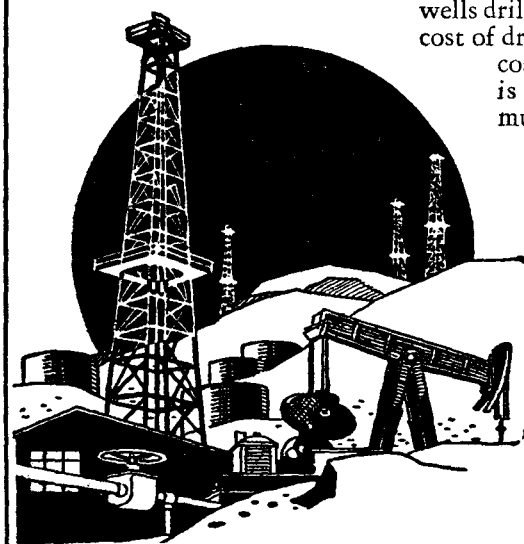
We are thankful to be a producer of oil and gas which provide more than half the total U.S. energy today. The oil and gas industry, because of our competitive enterprise system, has been able to discover large reserves of oil and gas, thereby a big contributor in improving the standards of living in this great country of ours.

This has been done even though, out of every 9 wildcat wells, 8 are dry holes. One out of every 44 wildcat wells finds new oil reserves equivalent to national demand for about 4 hours. And *one* out of 991 has enough new oil to match *more* than a week's consumption. One-fourth of all productive wells drilled never return the cost of drilling. The average cost of a wildcat well is $123,000. There must be incentives to encourage these great risks.



It is important to every American citizen that any threats to the oil and gas industry which would endanger the security and defense of our country be disposed of. Presently, this can be done by:

1. Supporting the Harris Gas Bill which would *end government unnatural control* of the development and production of natural gas.

2. Preventing present excessive imports of oil.

3. Continuing depletion allowance

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